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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JANUARY 26, 1905.

The Week.

Whether the great industrial strike in St. Petersburg which was the prelude to the present upheaval in Russia, bore any immediate relation to the zemstvo agitation set in motion by the Czar himself, cannot now be determined. The sympathetic strikes since Sunday in other cities are apparently not attributable to such concert as marked the Milan general strike a few weeks ago, which was what may be denominated a rude form of plébiscite. Once started, however, in the capital, and expanding perforce beyond its original limits in the Government works, the strike was bound to take on a political aspect and to be used by patriots and factionists of every degree. The demonstration headed by Father Gopon which demanded an audience of the Czar in person, unarmed though it was, and attended imprudently if with a naïve national confidence in the Little Father by women and children, had a potential danger for the Czar's life and the stability of the Government which it would be unjust to deny. Americans, at least, ought to remember the apprehensions caused by the advance of Coxie's ragged "army" on Washington.

The fact that in Russia, historically, reform has come from above (as we were witnessing afresh up to Sunday), justified the people in a direct appeal to their benevolent despot. But the bloodshed of Sunday must also be judged historically—that is, with reference to preceding events, the dread caused by the avidity with which reform had been taken up and given wider scope, the dread of the newly bestowed freedom of speech and press, the palpable consequences of even peaceful industrial disturbances and popular unrest to the prosecution of the war. These considerations do not make the military suppression of the advance of Father Gopon's following any less lamentable, but they should serve to keep us from calling it wanton, and they should intensify our pity that the sovereign who has done more for the world's peace than any living ruler, by laying the foundation of international arbitration, and who has committed himself to Russian reform in Russian ways, should *ex officio* be held responsible for police excesses in his capital as he is for the war in the East. We are aware that objection will be made to the term "police," but only by those who regard the situation as ordinary, in piping times of peace. A government at war, with every energy strained to maintain its armaments and its military activity at a distance of thousands of miles, cannot be expected to take chances with the mob at the very seat of authority and depot of munitions. St. Petersburg, as we go to press, has not yet been declared in a state of siege, but the policing of the city was inevitably military rather than civil the moment the strike reduced the population to idleness and furnished the tinder for a revolutionary conflagration. Would any other government have acted differently in similar circumstances? Would any other government have failed to claim to be the judge of the danger?

Mr. Hay's circular note to the Powers has elicited the most satisfactory assurances that, whatever the event of the war, no further partition of China is intended. The Secretary already has a notable collection of self-denying ordinances; in fact, he held Russian paper expressing a profound respect for the Chinese overlordship at the time when the Russian companies were taking possession of northwestern Korea. He is, then, under no illusions as to the nature of such promises. On the other hand, no one should take too cynical a view of these negotiations. Mr. Hay's round-robins are something more than the elegant recreations of a diplomat; the existence of formal promises does make any resumption of old-style land-grabbing invidious, and to that extent more difficult. To have Germany, Russia, and Japan solemnly bound, does afford a kind of moral leverage for the more disinterested Powers. No state paper is of much avail when paramount commercial or military considerations cross its tenor; but in the rather delicate balance likely for some time to prevail in the Far East, the archives of our State Department do constitute a valuable makeweight for justice.

If San Domingo has "freely invited" the United States to administer its finances, there would be no aggression in our undertaking the job, though there might be folly. The matter will, we take it for granted, come before the Senate in the form of a treaty. Perhaps Senators may be a little more reluctant than the President to undertake the receivership of bankrupt republics. It is distinctly admitted by the State Department that it has been driven into this affair by the urgings of foreign governments. "The Government of the United States, having been explicitly, repeatedly, and emphatically informed by more than one of the great Powers that it ought either to try to evolve some order out of the financial chaos in the Dominican Republic, or assent to certain European creditors of that republic doing this," has regretfully decided to go ahead. That is, we are pulling the chestnuts of foreign creditors out of the fire. European nations will view with vast satisfaction this success of their plans to force the United States to face the consequences of one of the "corollaries" of the Monroe Doctrine. They see us becoming a useful agent to collect their debts. And we suspect they will indulge in much private chuckling at our light-hearted sallying forth to make the American republics "just." Distance will lend a certain enchantment to the view of justice in Puerto Plata or Carácas or Bogotá.

The Venezuela business will bear the closest watching. It is all adrip with asphalt, and soon may be with scandal. Why does not the State Department make public the reason which led the Venezuela Government to proceed against the Bermudez Company? Our understanding is that this American corporation was caught red-handed in an attempt to overthrow the Government. Was it not the case that President Castro had documentary proof that a revolution was financed by this foreign company doing business under the laws of Venezuela? If so, it is not strange that the courts of that country should have applied the rigor of the law to the plotters. Of course, it is very easy for an American Attorney-General in Washington to affirm that the highest judicial tribunals of Venezuela are either incompetent or corrupt; but we have only to imagine what would be thought in this country of an intervention by Germany on the ground that our courts did not know their business, or else had been bribed, in punishing a German corporation for conspiring against President Roosevelt! It is clearly a case for full and deliberate inquiry and the frankest publicity. If the Big Stick is to be swung over the head of the republic in whose behalf we were going to fight Great Britain ten years ago, we are at least entitled to know the reason why.

Secretary Hay's report on the naturalization of aliens, laid before Congress by the President, is probably the most important, as it is certainly the most exhaustive, official contribution to the subject made in recent years. It constitutes an impressive plea for legislation to remedy conditions which are constantly getting worse. Unfortunately, the vital question of admitting aliens to the rights of our citizens is one which, from the very beginning, has been affected by passing political considerations. When the first law on the subject was passed in 1790, the United

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States desired citizens, and made it easy for immigrants to become naturalized; but, eight years later, in 1798, the Federalists being in control and harassed by an opposition press which was in the hands of unscrupulous politicians of alien birth, a law was passed requiring fourteen years' residence in the United States before naturalization. When Jefferson's party triumphed, this act was swept aside and the law of 1802 was passed, requiring only five years' residence before naturalization, and doing away with the requirement that returns of all naturalizations be made to the Secretary of State. This act, one hundred and three years old, remains to the present day the main source from which our system of naturalization springs. Secretary Hay's recommendation that the provision of the act of 1798 requiring returns of naturalization to the general Government be now restored, stretches no Constitutional provision, for there is an express grant to Congress of power to provide a uniform rule of naturalization.

The lack of uniformity in naturalization is emphasized by the fact that, while in most States there are no laws other than the Federal statutes governing the subject, some States have supplemental laws intended to make naturalization more difficult. The result is that in those States it is (or ought to be, theoretically) easier for an alien to secure naturalization before a Federal court than a State court, while in other States the reverse is the fact. An important point brought out by Secretary Hay is that naturalization certificates differ so widely from one another in form, wording, and appearance, that the authorities of foreign Governments are not able to recognize them, and they often contain so meagre a recital that until they have been supported by additional testimony it is uncertain whether the holders come within the benefits of our naturalization treaties. It is a reasonable plea that this evil be corrected by requiring uniformity of phrasing and appearance in the certificates, and that they be printed upon a particular kind of paper, so that it will be difficult to counterfeit them.

The amicable ending of the Watchorn episode at least brings out very neatly the workings of the Senatorial mind. When the President selected a former Pennsylvanian for the Immigration Commissionership at Ellis Island without consulting the Pennsylvania Senators, Mr. Knox was as prompt to resent the slight as if he had been steeped in Senatorial dignity for five terms. The position to which Mr. Watchorn had been appointed was not in Pennsylvania, to be sure, but he had long lived at Pittsburgh, and had even been private secretary to a Democratic Governor. Ten days ago Mr. Knox was reported to be greatly stirred up about the whole matter. Confirmation had been held up in the Senate until he and Mr. Penrose could look into the matter. On Friday all objections were withdrawn. Why? Not because it had been learned that Mr. Watchorn was a model official and a man of parts, but because he had resided in two States, and in this instance had been apportioned to New York with the assent of Senators Platt and Depew. He was to perform his duties in New York in either case. The constituents of Platt and Depew were the only persons likely to be affected by his good or bad administration. Yet if "Pa." were to appear after his name in the official register, the Keystone State Senators claimed the absolute right to reject him, while if "N. Y." adorns the same page, it matters not the least what they know or think about him. The courtesies and prerogatives of the most dignified body on earth are sometimes of unearthly grandeur.

Whether an influential bystander may be charged with "meddling" in a contest when he congratulates one of the competitors before he has actually won, is a delicate question. President Roosevelt's only fault when he prematurely greeted Mr. Niedringhaus as the first Republican Senator from Missouri since reconstruction days, was in assuming that the Republican caucus vote would be binding. Had events followed their normal course, he would have been taking no more risk than the thousands of people did who sent their good wishes to the White House on November 9, though no President was legally elected until January 9. The charges which have served as a pretext for the Kerens men to bolt from the caucus nominee must have been made, and the investigation instituted, while the President's letter of congratulation was still on the way. Why Mr. Niedringhaus should have supposed that the publication of the letter would strengthen his chances is hard to see. Certainly, it contains not the hint of a personal compliment. For having been born in Missouri and for being the son of a German and a Congressman, he cannot be said, except on the "Pinafore" theory, to be entitled to credit personally. But the other side is evidently trying to make people believe that there is an effort at dictation in all of this. So does a pleasant word from Washington get translated into a potent "Hail to thee, thane of Glamis."

Although no President has ever been elected from the Senate, Gov. La Follette of Wisconsin will take his chances and enter that body. He brings to his new duties undoubtedly great forensic ability, a singularly magnetic personality, and a Congressional experience which included service on the Ways and Means Committee during the framing of the McKinley bill. But the association of Spooner and La Follette as colleagues within a year after the open split in the party is a situation which future events might easily make either comic or tragic. It is rare enough, in the first place, for any State to have two Senators who possess the capacity for leadership. And when the two, as in the present case, represent opposite ideals and policies, the inevitable friction is likely to impair the usefulness of both. Questions of patronage are sure to force themselves to the front.

The reduced and almost vanished majority for the articles of impeachment in the Swayne case was in striking contrast with the practical unanimity with which impeachment proceedings were voted a month ago. And the change is not due merely to partisanship rallying to the aid of a Republican judge under fire; it represents an honest doubt about the charges, many of which under debate have turned out to be of the flimsiest sort. Indeed, the whole incident illustrates the value of full and free debate in the House, as compared with the machine-like procedure by means of which bills are generally ground out into laws. Evidently, to have sent the Swayne charges on with a perfunctory approval would have worked a real injustice. The time necessary to thresh the matter out was by no means wasted; it has, reversing the late Mr. Reed's epigram, demonstrated that the House may usefully be a deliberative body. It is eminently a lesson to lay to heart as the important railway-regulation bills, most of them extremely inchoate in form, are pending. They should be not merely strangled in committee or precipitated upon an unprepared House, but thoroughly debated. Only in such fashion are we likely to get near the truth of a very difficult and complicated matter.

Speaker Cannon quietly revealed last week the game of delay, by playing which the President's Republican opponents hope to defeat his plans for tariff revision. In a speech before the Washington Board of Trade, the Speaker said that business must not be "disurbed" by any talk of tariff changes at present. Next December, urged your simple-minded "Uncle Joe," will be time enough to take up the whole question with deliberation. Thus we see that, having induced Mr. Roosevelt to abandon his valiant intention of summoning Congress in March or April, the next move is to make him give up calling it in September or October. But the President can scarcely fail to see the snare. Once pushed over to the regular session, all the old political arguments

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will be worked hard in favor of doing nothing whatever about the tariff. The Congressional elections will be impending; plans for nominating a President in 1908 will be afoot; and it would never do to say "tariff" above a whisper. We know that dreary old round. So must President Roosevelt. And unless he wishes to see himself tricked, betrayed, and thwarted, he will press with all his authority for an early consideration. Meanwhile, he should leave off talking about tariff revision as a mere question of "political expediency." What really gives edge to the demand that the tariff be revised, is the general and growing sense that gross favoritism and rank injustice go with the existing law.

If only because the Fall River strike was the greatest ever known in the textile industry of this country, its settlement last week is of high importance. What the return to work means to the operatives, may be inferred from their demonstrations of joy. Thousands of them have been brought to the verge of starvation; and, as they go back to the mills at the 12½ per cent. reduction in wages against which they struck on July 25, 1904, it must be clear to them now that the strike was a mistake from the beginning. The loss in wages alone has been about $3,000,000, and there is now only the promise of a slight increase in the rate up to April 1, provided that an independent examination of the manufacturers' books shows that they can afford to pay it. Gov. Douglas deserves praise for having brought his business knowledge and good relations with the employees so happily to bear. To the mill-owners, also, credit is due for having consented to an expert examination of their business, so as to prove to the public that they have paid as high wages as possible. This is a kind of voluntary publicity wholly admirable.

Gov. Stokes of New Jersey informed the State Legislature in his inaugural, last week, that the news wafted from Washington on every breeze may mean the "preliminary steps" to the passage of a national incorporation law. He reminded the State that it can continue to meet its expenses without levying direct taxes only on condition that the Secretary of State continues to do a flourishing business at the old stand in corporation charters. But he cannot if capital is invited to seek incorporation, upon favorable terms, under Federal laws. Having called attention to the possible dangers that threaten the revenue system of the State, the Governor passed on to consider ways and means by which the impending peril might be averted. "Business methods," he says, "progress and modernize," and laws must keep pace with changing conditions. New Jersey, in the face of increasing competition from other States, would do well to consider whether she should not make her appeal to the confidence of the honest investor rather than the favor of the get-rich-quick concern. "If our enactments fail," remarks Gov. Stokes, "to give either the public or the investor sufficient protection, let us make them sufficient."

One could wish that this exhortation had not been delayed until a prospective loss of revenue had furnished the preacher with an appropriate text, but Gov. Stokes is entitled to the credit of having made the most of his first opportunity. He recommends that a commission be appointed to study the corporation laws of the State, and to devise some plan by which New Jersey may lead the way in enlightening public sentiment upon the subject. We are not oversanguine that Saul will immediately take a high place among the prophets of the new dispensation of public control of business corporations; but, whatever the immediate fate of his proposal, Gov. Stokes will not lack other opportunities of improving the policy of his State. In recent years the ugliest feature of the situation has been the readinss of the New Jersey Legislature to tinker with the statutes whenever sufficient pressure has been brought to bear. The courts of the State have been inclined to hold corporation directors strictly accountable for all infractions of the few salutary restraints in the existing laws; but, whenever respectable financiers have unexpectedly found themselves caught in the toils, the Legislature has been willing to rush to their relief and grant full absolution and future immunity. Performances of this sort have been rapidly reducing to a pitiable farce the little protection which the law has professed to offer minority stockholders and the public.

Mayor McClellan has taken an admirable stand upon the question of water supply for this city. As he explained to the Manufacturers' Association on Thursday evening, although a strong partisan himself, he has come to realize that the water question confronting Greater New York is so difficult and so serious a problem as to necessitate its being taken wholly out of politics. Therefore, he has had introduced into the Legislature a bill to turn the whole question over to permanent commissioners—one to be appointed by the Mayor, one to be nominated by the Chamber of Commerce, and one from a list made up by the American Society of Civil Engineers. When one considers the long line of scandals which have followed the construction of practically every aqueduct and almost every reservoir in this city, one cannot but rejoice that there is a prospect of dealing with this all-important question in a civilized way. Astonishment that the proposal to eliminate politics from this field of municipal endeavor should come from a Tammany Mayor should, however, prevent no one from giving Mr. McClellan the great credit to which he is entitled. He has shown himself in this matter an enlightened executive, and should be upheld by all good citizens.

From the first it has been only too evident that the projected reform of the Turkish *gendarmerie* in Macedonia was ineffectual. Too few European officers were appointed, and those were cleverly divested of their nominal authority. Accordingly, Austria and Russia, who are primarily responsible for the discredited scheme, now bring forward a plan for financial control of the disorderly vilayets. Generally speaking, the revenues of each of the three provinces are to be detached from the Ottoman treasury and separately administered. So radical a project makes a distinct advance towards the plan openly advocated in England of setting up an administration directly answerable to the Powers—in other words, a modification of the policy so successfully pursued in Crete. Clearly, if the Austro-Russian entente adds to its pretensions to control the police the power of the purse, rather little will be left of Turkish suzerainty in Macedonia. Only the fear of worse trouble can move the dual alliance for the Balkans to stir up the question of reform at this time. But as the truce agreed upon by the revolutionary committees expires, and a new uprising seems imminent, some risks must be taken. All observers of the at present hopeless conditions in upper Turkey must long to see firm action by the European Concert soon supersede the half-measures to which Austria and Russia are traditionally committed.

Rouvier's Ministry promises to be merely a milder version of Combes's, for the new Premier is a less brilliant personality and a less convinced doctrinaire than his predecessor. In general, the new French Ministry is merely the old revamped. New elements of strength come with Etienne (the Interior) and Dupuy (Public Works). Both of these statesmen belong to the aggressive class, being advocates of colonial expansion. In the main, however, M. Rouvier and his associates will devote themselves to unfinished business—the income tax and the separation bill. Rouvier, an accomplished statistician and financier, is an indifferent manager of men. It seems unlikely that he can long hold the dwindling composite majority together, and his appointment seems merely an intermission, before the considerable reaction already provoked by the rigid anti-Clericalism of M. Combes finds a policy and a leader.

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THE POLITICAL BOGEY AT WORK.

Mr. Bryan's zealous praise of the President, renewed in last week's *Commoner*, has its amusing aspects. That it is practically embarrassing to Mr. Roosevelt, there can be no doubt. His sole use of Mr. Bryan is as a bogey. "You object to my moderate regulation of your railways, do you? Well, if you don't assent to that, I tell you that Bryan will ride into power and simply confiscate your property." Naturally, it is a little awkward to have the bogey appear as sympathizer and supporter. It does not aid the President in his efforts to get Republican Senators into line, to have Mr. Bryan somewhat noisily applauding him, and intimating that Mr. Roosevelt is rapidly being converted to the true doctrine. To learn from an enemy may be good political strategy, even when he is your horrible warning; but to be enthusiastically lauded by him is disconcerting.

Mr. John Sharp Williams has been testifying to the President's political skill, which he admits the Democrats grossly underrated. A good part of it consists in denouncing the Democratic party and then quietly appropriating its issues. But the continued success of that method calls for continued political opposition. The Whigs must go on attacking the man arrayed in their stolen clothes. If they begin complimenting him on the excellent fit, it will necessarily trouble the good Conservative tailors. The latter will wonder what is to become of their business. Exactly this is happening at Washington, in consequence of Mr. Bryan's fulsome approval of the President's "vigorous fight" upon those who "prey upon the necessities of the people." There is much grave shaking of Republican heads. Senators, we understand, have gone in deep concern to Mr. Roosevelt and to Commissioner Garfield and said, "When we told you that we thought your proposed legislation soundly Republican and thoroughly conservative, we did not dream that Mr. Bryan would hail it. His endorsement compels us, of course, to change our minds."

The whole situation vividly illustrates the inconvenience of owning a political bogey. It is one of the most unruly of horned cattle. We see how even a skilled ranchman like Mr. Roosevelt may be nonplussed by its antics. That Mr. Bryan is sincere in welcoming the President as his most illustrious convert, may be admitted; but if he wished shrewdly to aid in the enactment of the Roosevelt bills, he would attack them violently. They would rise like a kite against the gusts of his stormy opposition; his bland commendation threatens to make them fall in a heap. In a word, the President has rather overdone his use of Bryan *in terrorem*. To picture the fearful lengths to which an agitator will go unless the saviour of society goes half way, is certain to make men look askance at the latter. His course may be clever politics for the moment, and may pile up huge majorities; but the historically-minded will recall Louis XVI. putting on the cap of liberty, and shortly having no head to put anything on.

What the real statesman will steadily keep his eye upon is, not a bogey, but reason, justice, duty. He will not endeavor to throw the public mind into a state of panic, for then the rational faculties will not work, and out of hysterical fear social justice was never born. It is not even politically wise for President Roosevelt to say, as he does, to great railway managers: "If you don't agree to what I want done, Bryan will come along some day and wreck you." That has plainly nothing to do with the merits of the question; yet there is, of course, a certain truth in it, at which the President may be vaguely grasping. It is that the railroads themselves have provoked the demand for their further regulation by Congress; that their management has seemed to millions of American citizens to be inequitable, high-handed, and law-defying; that so a genuine grievance exists—a real injustice to be corrected—and that it is neither wise nor safe to let public wrongs of the kind go unredressed. If the President would harp more upon those strings, and not try so much to frighten Congress into his arms by pointing it to Bryan's hoofs and horns, he would have a better chance of obtaining a measure founded in sound reason and justice, rather than in terror, and so more likely to be an enduring solution of a vast problem.

Unhappily, President Roosevelt appears to believe in the Greek theory that a democracy is amenable to discipline only so long as its fright lasts. Bryan is by no means his most fearsome bogey. That bad eminence he reserves for the unnamed foreign Power which is to descend upon us and rend us limb from limb unless we make haste to build a big navy. It is distinctly an appeal to these horrible imaginings upon which he bases his pet naval policy. Ask him for a rational survey of our foreign relations, with a calm forecast of the future, and request him to point out a single cloud on the horizon, and you get only denunciation as one who would "Chinafy" the United States and make it an easy victim of the spoiler. But the really pitiable victim, we submit, is the man who cowers in terror before a bogey like that. It is not the part of a civilized man to go about distraught with baseless fears; and a naval policy buttressed by no better reason than those of the colored servant who tells her mistress, as if it were an ultimate explanation of everything, "I'm so skeered," is not the policy for a civilized nation.

THE CASE OF JUSTICE HOOKER.

The more important facts in regard to Justice Hooker of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, by appointment of Gov. Odell, have been public property ever since the Bristow report on the postal frauds, November, 1903. That interesting document showed that George W. Beavers, now under indictment, had appointed at Fredonia a clerk and two laborers, and at Dunkirk a laborer, who had drawn pay regularly but had rendered no service to the Government. The postmasters who permitted this larceny were forced to disgorge. At Fredonia and Dunkirk, also, there had been some curious increases in office rental, but the Government could recover none of this money. Mr. Bristow did not mention the name of Warren B. Hooker, but in the course of a few days it became known that Beavers, chief of the Division of Salaries and Allowances, had been conspiring with Hooker, who at the time of at least two of the frauds was Representative in Congress from the district; and that Hooker, afterwards a justice, was really at the bottom of these palpable jobs. During the year that has elapsed the subject has been discussed in the press, the committee of the State Bar Association has conducted a deliberate investigation, and Justice Hooker has had every chance to present his side.

The increase in post-office rental at Dunkirk from $1,350 to $2,000 a year, although a lease for ten years had been signed at the former figure, may be passed over; for Justice Hooker explains that the building, of which he is half-owner, cost much more than he expected when he signed the lease. The attempt to beat the civil-service law may also be set down as a minor item in the charge. Far more serious were the appointments to the Dunkirk and Fredonia offices of persons whose services were not required, and who, as a matter of fact, did nothing but draw pay. One of these superfluous employees was Maurice Hooker, nephew of the Justice. This lad of sixteen was not a resident of Fredonia, but as he wanted to attend the normal school there, the Justice and Beavers, two eminent patrons of the higher learning, generously provided for him, at the expense of the Federal Government.

A yet blacker affair is that connecting Hooker with Frank P. Ball, a ticket scalper of Dunkirk. Ball owed Mrs. Hooker $3,085 for money invested in oil lands in West Virginia, and Justice Hooker devised a new way to pay old debts. He had Ball appointed first a laborer, and then a clerk in the Fredonia post-office at $600 a year. The postmaster had made no request for more help, but Hooker told Beavers that he had "a great interest in Ball." The exact amount of this interest seems to have been $600 per annum, for Ball did no work and turned over "substantially all" his salary to Mrs. Hooker. By this means the industrious Ball suc-

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ceeded in reducing the indebtedness to $775. Ball received the appointment about a month before Hooker was made Justice in November, 1898, but young Maurice Hooker was not thrust into public office until 1902. So, whether we consider Hooker's activities either as Representative or as Justice, we must conclude, in the face of undisputed facts, that, even though he occupy a judicial position, the sub-committee of the Bar Association let him off easily in describing him as "morally unfit."

The Bar Association can do nothing but offer expert advice. It might, as the majority of its sub-committee recommended, have urged a further investigation by the Legislature before a tribunal having compulsory process—in fine, impeachment; or it might have agreed with the minority of the sub-committee that the facts already proved constitute cause for Hooker's removal from office under section 11 of Article VI. of the State Constitution, which reads:

> "Judges of the Court of Appeals and Justices of the Supreme Court may be removed by concurrent resolution of both houses of the Legislature, if two-thirds of all the members elected to each house concur therein. . . . But no officer shall be removed by virtue of this section except for cause, which shall be entered on the journals, nor unless he shall have been served with a statement of the cause alleged, and shall have had an opportunity to be heard."

The Bar Association, however, last week dropped, with a word of mild censure and with no recommendation to the Legislature, the charges against Judge Hooker. The only defence which the Association can offer is that its meeting was packed; that the friends of Hooker resorted to the dirtiest methods of ward politics in order to whitewash him. Quibble is the only term to apply to the resolution by which Hooker was let off. The Association "disapproves of all such political practices as are disclosed by the record in this case." To excuse Hooker's frauds upon the Federal Government on the ground that they are "political practices" is worthy of the cheapest pettifogger in a police court. If Hooker has simply fallen into reprehensible political practices, then his fellow-conspirator in looting the Treasury, George W. Beavers, now under indictment, should be acquitted on the same ground.

Another equally flimsy plea for Hooker is that in his dealings with Beavers, the most eminent of the postal thieves, he acted merely in his private capacity, while as a judge his behavior has been above reproach. This is an impossible distinction. A man who is guilty of the offences with which Hooker is charged is not fit to dispense justice in any court. Knowledge of the law, an acute mind, capacity to marshal facts and to draw logical conclusions, Hooker doubtless possesses. But these are not all the qualities needed for the bench. More important even than fine technical equipment are character and conscience. Justice Hooker has stated that he is "unconscious of having done anything wrong." Plain people with no pretension to legal learning must be shocked to discover a Justice of the Supreme Court who cannot in his own mind distinguish between right and wrong; and they must stand with Mr. Hornblower "on the broad proposition that if a jurist does anything disgraceful, he is subject to removal."

The action of the Bar Association could be regarded as nothing more than expert advice to the Legislature, with which final authority rests. Therefore, as the scandals in regard to Hooker were common talk in every corner of the State, any Senator or Assemblyman, Democrat or Republican, who cared for the reputation of the judiciary, might have moved for an investigation. Justice Hooker has anticipated this action by requesting legislative inquiry. Such is the force of public opinion, backed by more than fifty prominent lawyers of this city, without distinction of party, who had united in a petition calling for a special meeting of the local Bar Association to consider its duty in the matter.

THE MUSEUM DIRECTORATE.

By appointing Sir C. Purdon Clarke to the directorship of the Metropolitan Museum, the trustees signify their intention of emphasizing its educational function. A number of American archæologists who might have been eligible are probably the new Director's superiors in connoisseurship. One could name several business men of artistic proclivities who are at least his equal as an organizer. Unquestionably, then, there will be disappointment in certain quarters that the directorship of the greatest American museum should not go to an American; but we believe that, when the case is carefully weighed, it will be agreed that none of the other candidates combines so many desirable qualifications as the actual appointee.

The new Director brings an uncommonly varied training. For a generation he has advanced through different grades in the South Kensington Museum to its headship. He has served successfully as purchasing agent in fields so widely separated as those of Oriental and of Renaissance art. More particularly, he represents a vigorous ideal of popular education. In fact, the significance of the great institution at South Kensington, which has undergone—and not unjustly—rather sharp criticism from the *cognoscenti*, is that it has shown an openhanded and enlightened hospitality to all students of the history and practice of art. In a hundred ingenious ways it has furthered this end. Its curators are at the service of every serious inquirer. By the distribution of reproductions of all sorts, it aids private students and smaller institutions throughout the world. Its system of exhibition and labelling is planned to give the visitor the most essential information in the most convenient way. Needless to add that it offers lectures on a great variety of topics in arts and crafts.

Evidently, the introduction of such a spirit into the management of the Metropolitan Museum is a matter for profound congratulation. It means that the student will henceforth have the consideration always enjoyed by the casual visitor, and that the hundreds of thousands of casual visitors who annually pass through the galleries will be offered every opportunity and inducement to become in a measure students. Bringing this experience and enthusiasm, the new Director should soon make the Museum, which has in the past had too much the character of a vast curiosity-shop, a genuine home for all who concern themselves seriously with the arts.

The *Evening Post* has urged the pressing need of rehabilitating the Museum before the world of scholarship by a prompt and radical overhauling of the collections. The *Tribune*, on the other hand, takes the genially agnostic position that such a revision is either impossible in the near future or undesirable, or at least had better wait till all the so-called experts cease disagreeing. We fancy that Sir C. Purdon Clarke will not share our neighbor's optimism to the extent of expecting the happy advent of critical unanimity during his administration, but will rather proceed to set his house in order, and to remove the reproach which by laxness in scientific management previous housekeepers have left him as a legacy. To do this most needful work he will require curators of the very highest attainments. In fact, the efficiency of the cataloguing and purchasing departments calls not only for a staff of expert curators, but for autonomy, department by department. Subject to proper safeguards, a museum thrives best when the Director is a Czar, but a Czar sagacious enough to trust his privy councillors. In other words, to gain the real benefit from the change, the new Director should, once budget and general policy are approved by the trustees, enjoy complete independence of action. Various suggestions of trustee committees for internal administration or of outside advisory bodies by no means commend themselves as practical. The ideal is perhaps the organization of the Louvre: the Director subject to the Ministry of Fine Arts (the trustees), the curators independent in their departments, but subject, in the case of acquisitions, to the joint approval of the curators. Such an organization secures initiative and promptness, indispensable qualities for any successful competitor in the narrowing art-market of the world.

Accordingly, as we congratulate Mr. Morgan and the board of trustees upon

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the wisdom of their choice, we also hope that a habit of direct management, quite justifiable under the old, will not be carried over into the new régime. Mr. Morgan and his associates will administer their great trust most acceptably by giving the greatest possible liberty to so very competent a representative as Sir C. Purdon Clarke.

CLUB DEFICITS.

A club has been defined, not inaccurately, as an organization in which nine men who stay away contribute to the comfort of one who goes. It is one of the least successful forms of charity, apparently, for the nine never give quite enough, and the one fellow in the club never admits that he is reasonably comfortable. Hence club deficits are almost as much a matter of course as entries in the complaint-book. Deficits are borne with various degrees of fortitude. The Union Club, for example, whose finances have been perhaps unnecessarily prominent in the press, plans merely some trifling retrenchments. A neighboring organization of marked plutocratic complexion simply assesses its members annually as a matter of course. Nobody winces, it is said, because nobody uses the club; the game is fair all around. Many less pretentious clubs pursue an ostrich plan, hiding considerable deficits under more or less fantastic bookkeeping credits until the day of reckoning comes.

Since clubs, like armies, march on their stomachs, gourmandise may fairly be said to be the root of these financial evils. To the dining-room and kitchen is charged more than three-quarters of the current deficiency of the Union Club. A club with a large artist membership has for years past turned over a quarter of its fixed income to pay the café deficit. Even more striking was the case of our largest athletic club, which, with an enormous membership and good attendance, accumulated annual deficits of five figures, until one of the stewards was put in full control. Straightway the service improved, and the contractor, now one of the best-known restaurateurs and hotel keepers in town, began to reap personal profits corresponding to the previous losses. In fact, his success was so phenomenal that the club could not afford to keep him, being in the position of an investor whose 2 per cents have crossed par.

The incident, which might be reinforced by many others, shows pretty clearly that the problem of club and restaurant management are nearly identical. Only a year or two ago we saw in common embarrassment on this score a club devoted to old-school Republicanism and one attached to tariff reform; bloated protectionists and gaunt free traders were equally costly table boarders. The desideratum, then, is to find a House Committee chairman who is a thrifty and skilful caterer—in other words, a man who will superadd to his regular vocation the training of a restaurant-keeper—a very complicated business in itself. And for service that undertaken professionally would command a handsome salary, a House Committee chairman has merely his own pains, and, usually, the imprecations of his fellow-members. For your fastidious clubman will curse at the variation of half a degree in the temperature of his claret; divine discontent fills him when the end of a fortunate bin puts it no longer in his power to drink a *château* bottling at an *ordinaire* price. Smithers is outraged if his cheese will not stand upright, Juggins is pained unless his runs enticingly upon the plate. Such is the temper of the "tenth man" to satisfy whom, without hopelessly alienating his treasurer, is the House Committee chairman's bounden duty.

With labors at once so onerous and carrying so little appreciation, it is no wonder that the supply of competent chairmen is smaller than the demand. There are seventy clubs of some social prominence in this city; probably one hundred and fifty at least which have restaurants. This represents several regiments of House Committee men who have fallen by the way; but we have yet to hear of an old man's home for deserving persons of this class, or of any other form of public recognition of a profession which must surely rank among the extra-hazardous occupations.

So keenly has this been felt that certain clubs have paid a member in cash or perquisites for giving all his time to the management. This practice, not uncommon, we are informed, in England, runs counter to American ideals of good club ethics. Practically, then, the problem of management reduces itself to securing honest and efficient stewards. Such men are more precious than rubies, and about as scarce. To hold them is difficult, because the ability to discipline a force of servants and to restrain the wastefulness of cooks and marketers and the wiles of tricky tradesmen will command a higher salary than most clubs are able to give. But here, fortunately, considerations of loyalty frequently prevail, while permanency of tenure and agreeable associations outweigh speculative opportunities.

The rise of an occasional House Committee chairman of genius is only the exception that proves the rule of mediocrity. In this matter as in others the amateur cannot hope to compete with the professional. The production of honest and capable club stewards is the desideratum, and the discouraging feature of the case is that many men of this class have had a training, as waiters or otherwise, that makes against direct and disinterested dealing. The calling should have a recognized standing, for the money reward would always be sufficient to attract men from salaried positions in general business. Until a better class of club stewards is found, club deficits will continue to be the rule, and the nine men at home who provide for the one man at the club will be assuming a task only a little less satisfactory than that of the Danaids.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY IN LONDON.

LONDON, January 7, 1905.

The International Society, though the Exhibition just opening in the New Gallery is only its fifth, is already the most formidable rival the Royal Academy has ever had. It grew out of what may be called an English Secession. By its choice of M. Rodin to succeed Whistler as President, and the many foreign names in its list of members, it has shown its readiness to be as International in fact as in name; in a word, it has adopted since the start such a strong policy that one must regret the more any signs of weakness by which its influence in the country might be lessened.

One cause of its strength is its equal recognition of the three arts it represents. In England, painters monopolize most of the exhibitions. In France, it is true, sculptors receive due consideration, but, even in France, the poor engravers are apt to see their work thrust into odd corners, and hung as if the only object were to have it take up the least wall-space possible. The very title of a society of "Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers," however, carries responsibilities with it, and these responsibilities are not shirked. The painters are still in the majority, but the "gravers" are treated with a deference seldom accorded to them elsewhere. They have to themselves one of the three rooms at the New Gallery, or, rather, they share it with the draughtsmen in different mediums who, for exhibition purposes, are usually classed with them; and the prints and drawings have been so judiciously selected, and hung with such distinction, such appreciation of a decorative whole, that this room is the most effective of the three, and promises to be again, as it was last year, the centre of success. It is a triumph especially for American and Dutch artists, from whom much of the most remarkable and most distinguished work has come.

American illustrators and engravers have never made so fine a showing in London before. There are groups of wood engravings from Mr. Cole and Mr. Wolf; Mr. Cole sending a series of proofs of his blocks after the English landscape painters—Constable, Crome, Cotman, Wilson, Turner—those wonderful little prints that, in black and white on a few inches of paper, seem to preserve for you all the life and atmosphere and light and even color of the originals; Mr. Wolf contributing his reproductions of more modern pictures, chiefly portraits, the series culminating in the print after Whistler's "Little Lady Sophie of Soho," a really wonderful performance, so well has Mr. Wolf suggested the very feeling and strange charm of the painting. There is no need for me to go into a more detailed description,

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for all this work by Mr. Cole and Mr. Wolf is already well enough known at home. The great thing now is to see it, in such fine proofs, hanging in a London gallery. Then, Miss Mary Cassatt, who is so seldom to be found anywhere out of Durand-Ruel's, is represented by a set of etchings printed in color that are among the most successful, technically, ever produced by a Western artist. The color is pure and brilliant and gay. Many men who have been trying their hand at color-printing never seem to want—or, it may be, they never know how to get—anything save dingy blues and murky reds. But Miss Cassatt's color-schemes have all the gayety, and her tints all the brilliance, of the work of the Japanese, by whom, indeed, it is evident she has been as strongly influenced in design—in the way of placing her figures and balancing her spaces of reds and blues, grays and yellows. But it is a good influence, and she has adapted Japanese methods to subjects that intelligent study of Degas have made her own. Her mothers and children, her women at their toilet, are essentially European, essentially the models her life and surroundings have provided, and they are as graceful, as characteristic in their way, as are the women and children of Utamaro in theirs. There are also etchings by Mr. Joseph Pennell, the "Sky-Scrapers of New York," that have not yet been exhibited in America, and by Mr. McLaughlan, his motives found largely in the old streets and the old houses of the French towns. I have never seen better work by Mr. Albert Sterner, who does not always maintain his own level in the magazines, than a strong portrait in chalk of Mrs. Humphry Ward, full of observation and character. And pastels, notable for their decorative arrangement, by Mr. Fromuth, and charcoal drawings by Mr. Mura, complete a list which, if comparatively short, includes much of the best being done by Americans to-day.

The work by Dutch artists is equally strong, for chief among these artists are Matthew Maris, the master of the older generation, whose etchings, both of figures and of landscape, have the elusive quality of his paintings, and are so rare that I doubt if they have ever been seen in America, or ever will be seen again in a public exhibition in England; and Bauer, the coming man in Holland, whose prints, a vindication of the big plate, are the same that won him the Grand Prix in St. Louis, and who also shows two or three of the large shadowy water-colors in which, as in his etchings, good, sound drawing is the basis of the mystery with which he likes to envelop his every subject. There are etchings, too, by Dupont, large in design, vigorous in handling; and by Wittsen, whose Canals of Dordrecht are careful and sometimes effective, but not without an element of dulness.

I do not mean that all the good work must be credited to Holland and America. A striking collection comes from France, with two drawings by Rodin to set the standard. These are really notes and memoranda of subjects and compositions such as the old masters used to jot down for their own use, and not the sham old-master drawings some of the younger men to-day in England produce as their masterpieces to exhibit to the public. Both were in the International Exhibition that last year made the tour of several American towns, but both have come back unsold, though I notice that, even before the exhibition here has opened to the public, one has been bought. It looks as if Rodin were still but a name to the American. The etchings by M. Louis Legrand and M. Lepère alone would give distinction to any collection of black-and-white, for they are men who see for themselves—Lepère, the architecture he loves, Legrand, the most modern type of woman and the most modern phases of life; and alike they have the courage to express what they see according to their own methods. For this reason, their work strikes one more in London than in Paris; the artists just now most in evidence in London being men who see everything through the prints of older masters, and who express everything as it has been expressed in the past, so that their etchings and lithographs and wood-engravings are really but "British Museum-and-water," as I have heard them described. The color prints of M. Thaulow, M. Gaston La Touche, and M. Raffaëlli are amusing technical achievements, and, if I dwell upon them at no greater length, it is simply because the collection is so good as a whole that I have not space to do more than point out the things that make it good. From Germany comes little except one masterly study of hands in pencil by Menzel, etchings by Klinger, and brilliant water-colors by Von Bartels; from Spain, little except the drawings by Vierge for 'Pablo de Ségovie.' I must confess it is with disappointment I find them here, for, like the Rodin drawings, Vierge's illustrations were exhibited in many American towns, and I had thought there would be at least one museum in America to realize the advantage of possessing a series of designs not only so amazing in themselves, but of such genuine value to students, of such tremendous interest in the history of illustration. They simply *made* modern pen-drawing for "process." Among the works of Englishmen, the illustrations and chalk drawings of the late Frederick Sandys are prominent. The series of his illustrations in the New Gallery is complete, and includes fine proofs of the engravings. Other English exhibitors are Mr. Nicholson, who, however, sends none of the prints which I, anyway, prefer to his water-colors; Mr. Conder, whose dainty fans, in America, shared the same fate as Rodin's drawings; and Mr. E. J. Sullivan, who has done no illustrations of greater distinction than the eight or nine designs for the "Rubáiyát," now shown, but still unpublished.

The care devoted by the Society to the decoration and arrangement of the galleries is nowhere more apparent than in the Sculpture Hall. The court of the New Gallery, a banal affair of colored marble and gilding, has been turned into a white temple, by shutting it in with temporary white-draped walls, to which the railing of the balcony above (a feature ordinarily not to be noticed one way or the other) serves as a golden frieze. The green of a few well-placed plants breaks the severity of these walls, without, however, destroying the simple dignity of the effect, but I am afraid only the artist will feel, as it should be felt, the subtle beauty of the white of marble and plaster against the softer white of the draped walls.

Rodin sends nothing as impressive as "Le Penseur," the great Titan that, last year, sat brooding, high above the crowd, in the centre of the court. His chief work this year is one of the creations in which he seems to set at defiance all the laws that have, until now, governed the world's great sculptors. "La Main de Dieu," he calls it. From a distance the large marble—a small plaster cast is placed beside it—is an inchoate, shapeless mass, with no beauty of outline, no grandeur or loveliness of form. From a block of marble emerges a gigantic hand holding what appears to be a rugged boulder until, as you draw nearer, you see, gradually taking shape from out the marble, the nude figures of a man and woman, delicately, tenderly modelled, one long flow of rhythmical line in the posing and grouping of the two bodies. You may read into it what meaning you will, but you cannot deny the beauty of the two figures thus shaped out of chaos by their creator: a beauty, however, which you do not see until you are close to it, which cannot dominate an entire gallery as the masculine, the heroic beauty of "Le Penseur" did a year ago. This is Rodin's most important contribution, though he has also a large study of a "Femme Couchée" in plaster, and a by no means remarkable bust in marble of Mr. George Wyndham.

After the Rodins, nothing is as notable as the work of M. Glicenstein, an artist whose name is unknown to me, but in whose bronze bust of D'Annunzio, with its unmistakable truth—the head seems to explain the novels—and "Sphinx Group," with nothing sphinx-like in its frank admission of Rodin's influence, there is much promise, if less individuality in accomplishment. Had I more space, I should like to speak at length of the statuettes by Mr. Wells, the portrait bust by Miss MacLaren, the statue by Mr. McGill; there would be much to say also of the jewelry of Mr. Cooper, the enamels of Mr. Alexander Fisher, the silver of Mr. Nelson Dawson. If the collection is small, almost everything in it is worth seeing, and the advantage of its being small is that everything can be seen.

I have left the paintings to the last, because I think they have scarcely been selected with the same care, or judged by the same high standard, or arranged with the same distinction, as the prints and the sculpture. It is in this section that I cannot help being conscious of regrettable signs of weakness. Much that is commonplace, and worse, has not only crept in, but been treated with unexpected deference and placed prominently, and this is unpardonable in an exhibition that pretends to admit nothing but the most important and most individual work now done, not merely in Europe, but in America, too. Several distinguished members are content to be represented by their least distinguished performances. M. Cottet, for instance, is positively insignificant after the impression he made on the same walls a year ago with his large, solemn "Deuil Marin." Other members do not send at all. Sir James Guthrie is absent. So are Zuloaga and Anglada, whose canvases certainly had the merit of daring and vivacity, but they now give way to those of another Spaniard, who would be passed unnoticed even at the Old Salon. One of the disappointments to me is that the Americans, who are so strong in the black-and-white room, are here so weak,

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I have seen it announced that Mr. Chase—who himself sends his portrait of Whistler—was the appointed delegate to select the American pictures, but it seems almost impossible that he could be responsible for a selection that, with one or two exceptions, is so absolutely feeble and devoid of result. He had so much to choose from; for, while the Americans at work in Paris and London are well enough known here, the Americans at work in America are hardly known at all, and it is high time they should be.

But I must not give the impression that there is no good painting. There remains much that is interesting, or even fine. There are portraits by Mr. Lavery, the Vice-President; Mr. Nicholson, whose "Belle Chauffeuse" proves that picturesque effects may be discovered in the most practical modern dress; M. Blanche, who, however, has not made the most of a sitter so full of possibilities as M. Rodin; M. Simon, who has painted M. Blanche—posterity will have no difficulty in forming a gallery of the portraits of the artists of to-day by their contemporaries; Mr. Sauter, whose large full-length, "Mrs. Nico Jungmann," is one of the few attempts to give a delicate harmony, a subtle study of tone, as well as a realistic presentment. It is Mr. Sauter also who has the one important nude, "Bridal Morn," inspired, perhaps, by some vague, unconscious memory of Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love"; for its motive is the contrast between a nude and a richly draped figure—only Mr. Sauter has worked this contrast out in his own fashion; his two women stand against a window, through which the sunlight falls, and it is the effect of atmosphere which has been his chief concern. There are landscapes by M. Thaulow—one of his marvellously true studies of snow—Mr. Peppercorn, M. Raffaëlli, Mr. Priestman, Mr. Mark Fisher. A tremendously vivid, well-modelled peasant girl by Von Bartels is so strong that everything near it simply disappears, and this, too, I believe, toured America unsuccessfully. A "Gypsy Family," by C. H. Shannon; the charming "Place Chateaubriand, St. Malo," by Mr. Morrice, from last summer's New Salon; Millet-like groups of mother and child by Mr. Strang; tender little fantasies by M. Aman-Jean, also seen but unappreciated in America—all these and many more form a collection that anywhere else in London would seem more remarkable, and that show how entirely the International has the courage of its name in its liberal attitude to the artist abroad as well as at home.

It may be to the credit of the Society that it has any exhibition of its own this winter, for a great part of the time and energy of the Council has necessarily gone to preparing the Whistler Memorial Exhibition which is to open in the New Gallery at the close of the International, on the 22d of February. Many important pictures have been obtained. M. Loubet has granted a special permission for the loan of the "Mother" from the Luxembourg—the first time such a concession has ever been made to a foreign private society, and it does honor to M. Loubet no less than to Whistler. The "Carlyle" is coming from Glasgow, the "Sarasate" from Pittsburgh, other pictures from the Boston Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, and private collectors in England, on the Continent, and in America. The King has lent his Whistler etchings from the Royal Collections at Windsor; in black-and-white alone there will be almost five hundred examples. Altogether, the Exhibition promises to be more representative even than the magnificent show in Boston. And every American owner of Whistlers should prove his appreciation by lending them to round out and complete the Exhibition organized by the society of artists of which Whistler was the President, and so help to make it in every way worthy of the great man to whose memory it is a tribute. N. N.

Correspondence.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL STANDARDS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In his defence of Mr. Griffin, in the last number of the *Nation*, Mr. Lindsay Swift makes a couple of statements that ought not to go unchallenged, as they affect questions of principle, wholly aside from the disputed publications.

He says that Mr. Griffin's lists "seem practical and timely, wholly aside from the question of their . . . accuracy," and suggests that the reviewer might have overlooked or underestimated "the help probably rendered to others besides scholars and thorough investigators." "As a rule," he says, "experts can look out for themselves." Yes, within their own specialties. But an historian or an economist can hardly be expected, "as a rule," to unravel mysteries caused by careless bibliographers, any more than a bibliographer can presume to solve those that have grown out of the carelessness and ignorance of mediæval scribes. That the average scholars are more or less helpless in handling bibliographical material, must be clear to any one who has had occasion to use the "bibliographies" which they append to their books. The statements that inaccurate bibliographies may still be "practical," and that "any [presumably no matter how inaccurate] elucidation which clears [!] the tangle of books on many subjects is just so much to the good," are very dangerous doctrines.

Mr. Swift further says that the lists have impressed him "as standing somewhat to bibliography as newspapers do to literature." What would he say if Harvard University should publish a newspaper in the place of the *Quarterly Journal of Economics*? Aksel G. S. Josephson.

Chicago, January 16, 1905.

Notes.

'A Short History of Venice,' by William R. Thayer, author of 'The Dawn of Italian Independence'; a work on 'The Bahama Islands'; a 'Life of Florence Nightingale,' by Miss Sarah A. Tooley; and 'Problems of the Panama Canal,' by Gen. Henry L. Abbott, U. S. A., will shortly be published by the Macmillan Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce 'The Color Line,' by Prof. W. B. Smith of Tulane University.

Cassell & Co. publish directly 'Fifty Years of Public Service,' by Major Arthur Griffiths; 'The Other Side of the Lantern,' a world tour, by Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.; 'Canada, at Work and at Play,' with a chapter on Newfoundland, by A. L. Haydon; 'Strategy, Illustrated by British Campaigns,' by Captain Macquoid; and 'The Handyman's Book of Tools, etc., in Woodworking,' edited by Paul N. Hasluck.

The New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, now offers the first volume of the most important series ever undertaken to facilitate genealogical research in the mother country. We refer to J. Henry Lea's 'Historical, Genealogical and Topographical Abstracts of Wills in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, at Somerset House, London: Register *Soame*, 1620.' That is, Mr. Lea gives in 600 pages "concise but exhaustive abstracts of *every will* proved" in that court during the year named, viz., 1366 in all, with 40,000 references to persons and 10,000 to places, all thoroughly indexed. It is hoped to continue this sweeping work for the decade 1620-1630, and even to the end of the seventeenth century. We shall thus have a fine outcome of Mr. Waters's 'Gleanings,' Mr. Lea's predecessor in this rummaging. The volume may be had for six dollars of N. C. Nash, treasurer of the Society, Somerset Street, Boston.

At a recent meeting of the Bavarian Academy of Science, Professor von Woelfflin reported that the first two volumes of the 'Thesaurus Linguæ Latinæ,' in large folio form, are rapidly approaching completion. The editors have decided to limit materially the space devoted to proper names, and have sent out instructions to their colaborers to make their articles as brief as possible, so that the work will conform, on the whole, quantitatively to the original programme set before the subscribers.

The four volumes of the late Lafcadio Hearn's writings about Japan, just reissued in uniform style by Little, Brown & Co., Boston, date back as far as 1898 for the earliest. Together they offer an extraordinary variety of *aperçus* of Japanese character and customs and beliefs, subtly apprehended, and expressed in a style infused with sympathy, phantasy and color. In 'Shadowings' one may read of Japanese female names, whose translation is impossible without a knowledge of Chinese also—"*Kana* give only the pronunciation," and "the chief and, for the present, insuperable obstacle to the use of Roman letters in writing Japanese [Romaji] is the prodigious number of homonyms in the language." Or take the section on the frog in 'Exotics and Retrospectives,' which sets out with the observation that none of the numerous poems on this creature refers to its clamminess; passes through a consideration of Japanese tactual sensations, the absence of physical display of affectionate feeling by hand-clasps, kisses and the like; and ends with a call to admire "my Kyōto tobacco-pouch, with centipedes of gold running over its figured leather like ripplings of gold." So, at page 190 of 'In Ghostly Japan,' the howling of his dog leads Mr. Hearn to reflect that "only by eating each other do beings exist—You cannot even drink without swallowing life"; and that "the faith of the Far East meets that problem better than the faith of the West." 'A Japanese Miscellany,' finally, offers attractive read-

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ing about songs of Japanese children (nearly a third of the book), and descends to their "method of bolassing dragon-flies," among other modes of capture.

The new edition of Nares's 'Glossary of Words, Phrases, Names, and Allusions,' particularly relating to Shakspere and his contemporaries (Dutton), is that put forth in 1859 with addenda by Messrs. Halliwell and Wright. Its illustrative value has hardly been impaired by time, or can be; but meanwhile the Oxford English Dictionary has appeared with its vast enrichment of the same field, and with its scientific etymologies and chronological array of quotations. Thus, Nares give us "HADE. Apparently a high pasture. I see no probable origin for it but the Saxon *had*, or head. [There follows a couplet from Drayton.]" Dr. Murray says, "derivation unknown," and defines: "A strip of land left unploughed as a boundary line and means of access between two ploughed portions of a field; also [but doubtfully, etc.]." The same extract from Drayton is appended, but one nearly a century older from Fitzherbert precedes it. On the same page of Nares one may compare what he has to say about *hacqueton* (haqueton), *had-I-wist*, *haggard*, and *haight* (hait) with the corresponding rubrics in Murray. Nares, with less knowledge, supplies fuller (not more numerous) examples than the Dictionary could afford. Haggard, by the way, he defines as "a hawk not manned or trained to obedience"; Murray insists, a *female* hawk. One might do worse than possess Nares for the useful discipline of going through it in company with the Oxford Dictionary, which supplements and corrects it at every turn.

There is certainly need of a popular history of the United States, better proportioned and more authoritative than Bryant and Gay, and more comprehensive than Fiske. This need Dr. Elroy M. Avery has sought to supply in his 'History of the United States and its People' (Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Co.), the first volume of which has lately appeared. Mechanically the book is sumptuously got up; indeed, it is one of the handsomest pieces of bookmaking that have recently come to hand. There is a profusion of pictures, all well executed, and most of them of historical significance, though we must regret the introduction of such a meaningless conceit as Harry Fenn's "Sea of Darkness" (p. 68). The maps are a notable feature, the reproduction of old maps and sketches being unusually well done. A commendable feature is the notes accompanying the table of maps and illustrations, many of these being contributions as important as the text itself. Dr. Avery's text stands well the test of critical examination. The narrative, covering in this volume the period down to the end of the sixteenth century, and including chapters on American archæology and the aborigines, is systematically compressed, but it is well proportioned, and gives evidence throughout of careful use of authorities and of intelligent and restrained judgment. As the volume has had the benefit of unusually extended revision at the hands of experts, perhaps there is a division of honor to be recognized; but the book is Dr. Avery's after all. From a literary point of view, this history is eminently readable, though the style shows a tendency to ornateness. The omission of foot-notes is compensated for by a well-chosen bibliography at the end. The work is to extend to twelve volumes. If the remaining volumes are carried out as well as this one, we shall have a worthy popular history.

In 'The Hardy Country' (London: Black; New York: Macmillan), Mr. C. G. Harper traverses ground that he is by no means the first to describe. Mr. Windle's 'The Wessex of Hardy' was so exhaustive that little was left for later pilgrims to identify and illustrate. Mr. Harper is less of an antiquarian than his predecessor, and he writes in a lively style all his own and not out of place in a work necessarily rambling and full of anecdote. He contributes yet another map of the Hardy country, and his book is illustrated by his own attractive sketches of Wessex villages, and by photographs of the more famous literary landmarks of the Wessex novels. His readers will probably agree that the most interesting of the sketches are those depicting the little cottage in which Mr. Hardy was born in 1840. It is still occupied by members of the Hardy family. "You enter its garden up steep, rustic steps, and find its low-ceiled rooms stone-flagged and criss-crossed with beams. At the back, its walls, with small latticed windows, look sheer upon a lane leading into the heart of the woodland. . . . Branches of those enshrining trees touch the thatched roof and scrape the walls, and the voices of the wind and of the woodlands reverberate from them. . . . It is an ideal spot for the birth of one whose genius and bent are largely in the interpretation of nature." In the course of his pilgrimage the author came to Winterslow, where poor Hazlitt lived for nine years in sulky seclusion, and wrote the essay "On Living to One's Self"; to Eastbury, the vast mansion of Earl Temple, who offered in vain an income of £200 a year to any one who would reside there and keep it in repair; to the village of Pentridge, where is to be seen the absurd tablet erected by the poet's admirers to Robert Browning's "first known forefather, formerly footman and butler in the Bankes family" ("All service ranks the same with God"); and to many other secluded places of interest, an interest not limited by their connection with the novels of Mr. Hardy.

Major C. E. Dutton, United States Army, has written for Putnams' Science Series a lucid account of the present state of the scientific study of earthquakes. The book contains a description of the modern instruments designed for recording earthquake shocks, chapters on the nature and causes of earthquakes, and an exposition of the mathematical treatment of the theory of earthquakes, in language which the general reader can understand. One of the most important of the conclusions of modern seismology emphasized by the author is the relative insignificance of volcanic action as a cause of earthquakes, even in a country like Japan. Major Dutton ascribes the fracturing and shaking of the earth's crust to forces of elevation and depression. What these forces are, the author believes to be a matter for future discovery and explanation. In an appendix there is a list of earthquakes, tabulated according to regions and the intensity of the shocks, which affords the most concise summary of the distribution of seismicity obtainable.

The distinctive merits of 'Murray's Small Classical Atlas,' edited by G. B. Grundy (Henry Frowde), are a liberal scale and a representation of natural configuration by tints, thus ensuring the utmost clearness in the names of places. The customary maps are supplemented by a plate showing fourteen battlefields notable in Greek and Roman history. In the case of England, France, and Palestine, modern names are subjoined to the ancient; elsewhere this laudable practice is omitted, which is all the more to be regretted because the index is not availed of for this purpose. Nothing is more interesting to the classical schoolboy, for whom this work is intended, than to learn of such identifications, and trace the phonetic decay by which the modern name has often been evolved from its predecessor. As it stands, however, this atlas is very handsome, extremely legible, and moderate in price.

A 'Check List of Foreign Newspapers in the Library of Congress' has been compiled by Allan B. Slauson and published by that institution. It shows that the Library has very good beginnings of a collection of this material, already the largest in the country. The various *Mercurius* issues of 1648-1656 are among the earliest of the English news-letters, and there is nothing earlier from the continent of Europe than the Dutch issues of 1766-1780, and a notable file of the *Gaceta de Madrid*, beginning with 1753 and reaching, with breaks, to the present time. The political experiences of French journalism are hinted at in notes. Spanish-American papers are very well represented, and will prove a storehouse of information for the historian; but the corresponding Philippine issues are absent —an unfortunate omission.

In his report to the Carnegie Institution on the Diplomatic Archives of the Department of State, 1789-1840, Mr. Andrew C. McLaughlin indicates the wealth of historical material which these records contain. Not more than one-fourth of the total number of dispatches and instructions have been printed in the State Papers. Only such documents, or parts of documents, were included as the question immediately under discussion seemed to demand; and the supposed need for diplomatic reserve resulted in some curious treatment of the dispatches. A few sentences only were given from a letter of many pages; paragraphs were mutilated beyond recognition; and matter of essential value to the historian was omitted, without any indication of such omission. The indiscretions of the writers required some pruning, and the occasional frank expression of opinion could hardly have been made public at the time; but, even with such allowance, it is surprising how far the censorship was carried, and how much legitimate news was suppressed. Some part may have been communicated to the newspapers of the day; but the fifteen examples given in the report whet the appetite for more. The letters from John Quincy Adams and William Short are particularly good. That this report may induce the Government to print these diplomatic records is greatly to be desired.

The *Library Journal* for December last is occupied wholly with the Proceedings and papers at the Library Section of the International Congress of Arts and Science at St. Louis in September. It is rich in gen-

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eral discussion and in practical details in every branch of the craft. We will instance Salome C. Fairchild's impersonal investigation of the relative employment of men and women in American libraries. She notices at the outset the astonishing growth in the proportion of women in attendance at the conferences of the American Library Association. At the first, in Philadelphia in 1876, there were but 12 women out of 103 members present; at Chicago in 1893, 166 out of 305; at Magnolia in 1902, 736 out of 1,018. Mr. James D. Thompson, of the Library of Congress, reported progress on his 'Handbook of Learned Societies' the world over, which is now in press for completion next month.

The principal feature of the *National Geographic Magazine* for January is the paper by Mr. Z. F. McSweeny on the "Character of Our Immigration." It bristles with facts and statistics, and contains some noteworthy suggestions. In view of the coming into our life of multitudes of peoples of whose traits or habits we know little or nothing, the writer advocates the study of racial geography in our colleges to determine the economic, moral, and social effect on the community of these aliens. It is somewhat surprising to learn that the Syrians are the least desirable of the foreign element. Attracted, apparently, first by the World's Fair of 1893, they have since then scattered over the whole continent, and "are the toughest problem that official and private charity has to meet in the communities in which they live." On the other hand, "during the past few years in New York . . . the Jewish children have obtained more honors than all the others put together." According to the latest report of the Commissioner, the number of immigrants into this country since 1820 is 21,905,684. Mr. McSweeney is in error when, referring to the early opposition in this country to immigrants, he says that William Penn (who died in 1718) "as early as 1765 . . . expressed himself as being apprehensive of the coming of the Pennsylvania Dutch to his colony." Of great interest are the illustrations of this number, consisting of characteristic scenes at the Ellis Island Station, and reproductions of photographs of Lhasa presented to the National Geographic Society by the Imperial Russian Geographical Society.

Lemcke & Buechner, 11 East Seventeenth Street, are the New York agents of the humorous Munich paper, the *Meggendorfer-Blätter*, whose pictorial comicalities are plundered for the columns of our Sunday papers without improvement in the process.

The University of Berlin has begun an innovation of special interest to foreign students. A Bureau of Information (*Akademische Auskunftsstelle*) has been established, which will offer its services also to others than university students, extending help to all who may be engaged in scientific pursuits in the German capital. Indeed, the programme includes information by correspondence with inquirers from abroad. The Bureau's quarters are on the ground floor of the University building. German learned journals urge the establishment of such bureaus in other university centres. The University of Munich has a similar arrangement in its "Arbeitsamt," which secures work of various kinds, such as private tutoring, examination of sources, proof-reading, and the like, for students who need to earn their support. The good offices of this institution are offered to students of all nationalities and confessions, and are given free of charge.

The Munich *Allgemeine Zeitung* (*Beilage* 264) contains a warm plea, from the pen of an experienced teacher, Dr. H. Molenaar, of Munich, for shorter hours and a single daily session in the Realgymnasia of Germany, where, according to the present schedule, the pupils are engaged in class work from six to seven hours daily, and have from three to six hours additional preparatory work to be done at home. The writer declares it to be impossible to cut down the course and still furnish a good education on a modern basis, but maintains that the whole work could be crowded into the morning hours, with recitation periods of forty minutes, and is convinced that, with this arrangement, which leaves the afternoon for recreation and bodily exercise, the amount accomplished will in the end be as much as or even greater than under existing circumstances. He gives a tentative schedule of the new order.

By an inadvertence, in noticing last week Dr. Asakawa's 'Early Institutional Life of Japan,' we omitted to name the American publishers, Messrs. Scribner.

We must do Prof. Mace, author of the 'School History of the United States' which we briefly characterized last week (p. 52), the justice to say that the types made us express just the opposite of our intention concerning "the arrangement and the presentation" of his work. For "very *un*satisfactory" we had written "very satisfactory." He has our apologies.

—Robert Elward's little book 'On Collecting Engravings, Pottery, Porcelain, Glass, and Silver' (London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans, Green & Co.) belongs to the "Wallet Series," of which other volumes deal with 'Hockey for Women,' 'Water-Color Painting,' and 'Dress Outfits for Abroad,' in pleasing variety of subject. It is really a curious experiment in saying in very few words—22,000, perhaps—all that is most likely to be needed in the way of advice to beginners in collecting in five interesting and important branches. There are, indeed, deliberately chosen omissions which strike one as odd. Engraving on wood is mentioned only as of Dürer and Bewick, with three other names given on pages 8 and 9, and is then dropped, with not a word about the conditions of study and purchase. Sèvres porcelain is not mentioned, and it is avowed (p. 59) that "this chapter is intended to be a description of *English* porcelain," while no other chapter is given to Sèvres or any other Continental porcelain, save a few words about that of Dresden. The splendid French faïence, from Rouen to Moustiers, is left without notice; but indeed the book assumes that English collectors will care for English arts alone. A generally sagacious tone of advice and comment is to be found in the book. The hints, even when extremely naïve, are still of the right kind. What is said about "states" in prints from etchings and engravings is very much to the purpose, and the precautions suggested to the unwary or inexperienced buyer are good ones to keep in mind. Decided errors are few; but it is a pity to leave the reader with the idea that "soft porcelain" is a coequal variety of porcelain, instead of an accidental result of a search for something else; and also that iridescence (p. 65) in ancient glass comes of "wear," instead of long inhumation and the result of the chemical action of the covering soil.

—Under the title 'Poverty' (Macmillan), Mr. Robert Hunter presents a very gloomy picture of the life of a great part of the population of this country. He assures us that he has not the slightest doubt that there are ten million persons in the United States "pursuing hopelessly the elusive phantom of self-support and independence." He admits that he is "largely guessing," but thinks that there may be as many as fifteen or twenty millions. These people, "although using their best efforts, are failing to obtain sufficient necessaries for maintaining physical efficiency." In Pennsylvania, "that State of colossal industrial crimes, one hundred and twenty thousand little ones were, in the year 1900, sacrificing a part of their right to life, most of their right to liberty, and all of their right to happiness except of a bestial kind." The number of persons in distress in Boston and New York, according to Mr. Hunter, may equal, proportionately, the number of those in London. About 10,000,000 of the persons now living will, if the present ratio is kept up, die of tuberculosis. Nearly half the families in the country are propertyless. We fear that this method of pleading the cause of the poor will not advance it. Hysterical shrieks do not take the place of facts, and nothing is more fatal to reform than to have reformers make themselves ridiculous. One of Mr. Hunter's appalling cases is that of a vagrant who told him that when a boy he had "for five years made two movements of his hands each second, or 23,760,000 mechanical movements each year." The careless reader naturally infers that the vagrant had become "broken-down, drunken, and diseased" because of the "five years of hell" during which those mechanical movements were performed. But if he will compute the pulsations of his own blood or the number of movements of the hand in a day's clerical work, or in a few hours' practice on the piano, he may think that his sympathy has been obtained by false pretences. Such a book as this stands in deplorable contrast with Mr. Rowntree's study of poverty in York. That study deserves to be taken as a model by philanthropists. The precise statement of the actual condition of the poor is more affecting than volumes of lurid rhetoric.

—The city library of Geneva has just received on deposit a manuscript work by J.-J. Rousseau, entitled 'Institutions Chymiques,' and composed in 1747. It consists of 1,203 beautifully written pages, with few erasures, and is divided into two parts, the second a torso, only a quarter as long as part one. A very interesting account of this unpublished treatise, with extracts that exhibit the literary quality which its author perforce gave to the treatment of every subject in the wide range of his genius, will be found in the *Semaine Littéraire* of Geneva for December 17, 1904, from the pen of M. Théophile Dufour. M. Dufour discovered the precious relic in 1882 in the possession of Mlle. Susanne Nicole, great-granddaughter of Rousseau's trusty friend and correspondent, Paul Moultou; and this lady has

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now given it over to public keeping. Like so much of Rousseau's work, it was preceded by a rough draft. There have been elaborate studies of Rousseau as botanist and as musician, but his interest in chemistry has escaped notice, being, indeed, slurred over in the 'Confessions,' to which M. Dufour furnishes an illuminating note on the subject of Baron d'Holbach's employment of Rousseau in 1757 to dress up a "manuscrit de chimie" for him, and to place it with a publisher. Rousseau's dabbling in chemistry began (almost disastrously) at Chambéry in 1737. In 1743 he was attending a course in chemistry under Rouelle, with M. de Francueil, and resumed the study in the following year after the Venetian episode; in 1747 at Chenonceaux he was still occupied with the subject along with literary and musical composition. Ten years later, as we have seen, he was summoned in as a two-fold expert by Baron d'Holbach. In all his wanderings he preserved the unfinished 'Institutions Chymiques,' and bequeathed it with other papers to his literary executor, M. Moultou.

—M. Dufour now looks for the publication of the find, and no doubt it will receive the consideration of the new Société J.-J. Rousseau just getting into working order in Geneva. Over and above its Archives, it contemplates a periodical publication (*Annales*) of memoirs and documents and reviews of new Rousseau literature, and eventually a complete bibliography; an authentic Life, with a critical edition of the 'Confessions'; an exact edition of Rousseau's correspondence and of his works in general. We gladly call attention once more to this interesting enterprise, which invites support from all quarters of the globe. The annual membership fee (which includes subscription to the *Annales*) is twelve francs; life membership a hundred (or not less). The president is Prof. Bernard Bouvier, Bourg-de-Four 10; treasurer, M. Alfred Cartier, place Bel-Air 12. Forms of application with other documents may be had of the secretary, M. Maurice Trembley, Petit-Saconnex, Geneva.

—Recent travellers from Spain report that one of the apparent results of the loss of the Spanish colonial empire to the home country is a widespread commercial and industrial activity, affecting all sections of the country. The new national energy penetrates also the intellectual field, and a significant sign that the movement is not a temporary ebullition is the fact that those who dominate the revival frankly recognize the meaning of the past and the present, and are determined that the nation shall learn and profit by what they teach. It is a fair question whether the scholars of any other European race would care, or dare, on the morrow of national defeat, to begin the publication of material for the study of the history of the colonial domain whose last vestiges had just been wrested from them. Spanish historical students have done much in the past to make accessible the documentary records of their national activities in America and Asia, and those of the present day who are taking up the work give every promise of meeting the demands of contemporary standards as fully as their predecessors met those of a previous century. The first three volumes of the new "Colección de Libros y Documentos referentes á la historia de América," published by Sr. Victoriano Suárez of Madrid, make a most promising beginning. The first contains an account of the Jesuit missions in the Maynas country, at the headwaters of the Amazon, written by P. Francisco de Figueroa. P. Francisco was one of the two missionaries who established the earliest stations in that region, and his narrative, which contains a chapter on the natives, is a useful check on the account by his companion, P. Acuña, on which students have heretofore had to rely for knowledge of their undertaking. The second and third volumes contain two of the five parts of the 'Quinquenarios,' or 'Historia de las Guerras Civiles del Perú,' by Pedro Gutiérrez de Santa Clara, which is edited by Sr. D. Manuel Serrano y Sanz.

—Gutiérrez de Santa Clara appears to have been the son of a Spanish settler who attained a respectable position in Mexico as a public scribe, a vocation which doubtless accounts for the son's literary gifts. Young Pedro, while still a mere boy, went off to try his fortune in the regions where Pizarro was making life in Mexico seem sadly monotonous. He became secretary to Lorenzo de Aldana, one of the conquistadores, who is remembered chiefly because of the foresight and skill with which he anticipated each change in the fortunes of the successive winners in the struggles for the domination of Peru. Aldana knew men and affairs, and he found in Gutiérrez a most competent assistant, who possessed that primary requisite for a successful private secretary, a retentive memory. For his use of this, historical students are under deep obligation to him. Gutiérrez knew intimately the men in every party to which his chief belonged in turn, and he was in a position to understand the significance of all that happened. His contribution, however, does not so much consist in new facts and motives, which were already set forth in the numerous official documents and correspondence previously published. What makes his narrative exceptionally valuable is the intimate personal anecdotes and illuminating descriptions of episodes which become significant when the manner of their happening is made known. When the new exponent of the events of these sorely troubled decades in American annals writes his much-needed history of Peru, he will find Pedro Gutiérrez as useful to-day as he was to Aldana 350 years ago.

ROYCE'S SPENCER.

Herbert Spencer: An Estimate and Review. By Josiah Royce. Together with a Chapter of Personal Reminiscences, by James Collier. Fox, Duffield & Co. 1904.

Exactly one-half this volume is occupied by Professor Royce's estimate of Spencer. Such a review by so very eminent a philosopher of one of his elder contemporaries should be of great and permanent interest. It will not, however, add to its author's reputation. Five different meanings of the term "evolutionist" are given, and yet a very important meaning is omitted—that in which Aristotle was an evolutionist, since he certainly based his central conception on the idea of a plant coming up from seed, or upon something of the sort. Aristotle is represented by Professor Royce as one of the two great anti-evolutionists of Greece, in some sense hard to understand from the few sentences he devotes to this matter. But doubtless many of Professor Royce's readers will agree with Zeller that, from the passages which the latter cites in Aristotle, the continued evolution of higher perfection "erhellt." To some of us it appears to be chiefest of the differences between the historical Aristotle and the imaginary Aristotle of the scholastics that the former makes the form to grow out of the matter, and continually to increase in perfection in the passage through the vegetable and animal kingdoms to man. However, Professor Royce has earned so much credit for accuracy that we cannot doubt that in this difficult matter he has chapter and verse ready for citation.

Having sketched the general history of evolution in bold and strong lines, he reviews the origin and significance of Spencer's own view of evolution. This Englishman's extraordinary innocence regarding every sort of nexus between his own philosophy and that of any remote period or foreign country receives due notice, as well as his failure to regard philosophical thought as itself an evolutionary process in which his own thinking had an organic place. His unemotional, direct, plain, and simple mental build is very well described, and brings up to our minds the picture of a common American balloon-frame house with the conventional gable and ell, with its own reasons for being as it is and not the slightest suspicion of any reason for being otherwise. A great deal of attention is bestowed upon Spencer's invalidism, which is attributed in large part to eye-strain, in accordance with the general theory of Dr. G. M. Gould.

Professor Royce next goes on to give his own restatement of Spencer's principle in these four propositions: (1) that if the parts of any large body are as nearly alike in any specific respect as they then can be, this homogeneity will be unstable; (2) that the differentiating mass, as it ages, will react by its various structure upon the play of the external forces which impinge upon it; (3) that, as the body slowly integrates, the energies within and about it tend to assume an orderly character; and (4) that "evolution is the consolidation of a mass of matter, attended by a loss of some of the energy that this mass contained; while, as this consolidation takes place, both the matter concerned and the energy which it still retains pass from a state in which there is little firmness of structure, little orderliness of arrangement, little sharpness of contour, and much inner resemblance of part and part, to a state in which there is great firmness of structure, much orderliness of arrangement, much sharpness of contour, and much inner variety of part and part." Evolution being thus completed, the reverse process of dissolution begins.

Professor Royce passes to a criticism of Spencer in something less than four thousand words, or, say, two pages of the *Nation*. Here we remark the fairness and catholicity which might confidently have been anticipated. He finds Spencer's limitations to be "as obvious as it is unfair to make one's judgment of him dependent upon them." "The real question is, How far did he help people to understand evolution?" He ought not to be condemned because he undertook to conceive of evolution in mechanical terms. "He would

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have been false to his just philosophical purpose had he conceived it otherwise."

The Spencerian will derive great comfort from the different attitudes of the idealist and the logical scientist toward his master. The fault which each finds with Spencer is a virtue in the eyes of the other. The latter objects that cosmology, because of its immense variety, cannot possibly be deduced as a consequence of a fixed law, such as that of the "persistence of force," which will not of itself suffice even to explain a steam-engine. To do this the second law of thermodynamics has to be invoked; and this law, as Maxwell first showed and as is now universally acknowledged, merely provides that nothing shall interfere with certain chance distributions; for an intelligent demon opening a door for molecules that happened to be moving with particularly high velocities in one way as well as for those moving with particularly low velocities in the other way, would produce the effect which this "law" denies. It thus has a character opposed to that of ordinary definite laws, since these provide that mere chance is not to have its way. The physicists further object that, so far as Spencer explains any phenomena of nature, he virtually bases his explanation on a principle quite independent of that of the "persistence of force," and, moreover, that many of his deductions are too vague to have any value as explanations, although they may be valuable as general descriptions of the course of nature. On the other hand, they admit that he did well in putting the emphasis he did upon the distinction between *simple* and *compound* evolution; the former describing histories such as that of a planet, and the latter, histories such as that of a plant or of a race of plants. These objections are familiar to all who have any acquaintance with the world of physical research. They are worth recalling, however, because their contrast with the objections of Professor Royce brings out the distinctive character of the idealistic views; and we may presume that Professor Royce intended to mark this contrast. He is very explicit in bracketing the two laws of thermodynamics as of precisely equal rank, the one determining the *quantity*, the other the *direction*, of change, and is equally explicit in praising Spencer for reducing all the transformations of the physical universe to this *single* invariant type. Nor has he one word of fault to find with his deductions as being too vague. A reader who should know no other writing of Royce than this would think him substantially a Spencerian like Youmans; for the only objection he makes is that simple and compound evolution ought not to be described as a *single* process. But the question whether Spencer does as a matter of fact describe them as a single process or as two processes would appear, to the Spencerian and to the physicist alike, to be little more than a question of words.

The third quarter of the volume is given to a criticism by Professor Royce of Spencer's educational theories, which, by the way, have no apparent connection with the doctrine of evolution. They are treated with much greater severity than is that doctrine, and the last paragraph of this part reads as follows: "Let us honor him for what he was. But let us be glad that he is not the trainer of our children."

The volume is brought to a close by some personal reminiscences of Spencer by Mr. James Collier, who was for nine years his secretary, and for ten his amanuensis. It is as good a personal portraiture as any we call to mind; not speaking, of course, of large books. It begins by saying that Spencer was no recluse, and telling where he might often be seen in London. The places mentioned do not include any at which he would be drawn into serious discussions; and though, besides the places mentioned, he could be found, for many years, almost every evening at the Athenæum, upon the committee of which he served; yet he did not join the conversation circle there, but played a certain number of games of billiards and went home to bed. It was only his sworn adherents who could see much of him. It was that vast work which so absorbed him that sometimes, having of his own motion brought about an interview, when the occasion came he found he must not talk. Yet, let an attack be made upon any position he had taken, and instantly upon hearing it read out he would be ready to dictate his reply, for two or three hours, without wishing to make any corrections. On such occasions, his grasp seemed Napoleonic. In short, he had converted himself into an apparatus for performing that one task, and he had no passions or intuitions which in any way deranged his adjustment to that.

That he certainly was a wonderful thinker in his peculiar way appears much more clearly now that his work is done. Mr. Collier says he never read any book of philosophy except Mansell's 'Prolegomena Logica,' and it is a great pity that he ever read that, because it was just that which introduced an element into his 'First Principles' which philosophical students then and always regarded as utterly refuted and out of date, and which did not harmonize with his original work. When one thinks that his 'Psychology' appeared in 1855, five years before Fechner's 'Psychophysik,' and simultaneously with Bain's first book, 'The Senses and the Intellect'—so inferior in originality and value, although it taught us more, because we were better prepared for it—one cannot but rank Spencer very high. He wrote when the ideas of energy were in the air, especially among engineers, with whom he had mingled much. But those conceptions were by no means *répandues*, as they now are. That he had grasped them in his own way, we need not say. His valuation of Darwinism was from the first extraordinarily near to that of biologists of to-day. So it was with his estimate of the nebular hypothesis at a time when the objections to it appeared most redoubtable.

He did his work in his day, but the system of Synthetic Philosophy will never become a classic. It will not be read forever, like Locke's 'Essay concerning Human Understanding,' Berkeley's 'Principles of Human Knowledge,' and Hume's 'Treatise of Human Nature.' In a few years it will have passed into history, along with Cudworth and Ockham—books that one wishes to know about, but to be excused from reading.

RECENT DRAMATIC VERSE.

In "The Sin of David" (Macmillan) Mr. Stephen Phillips has produced a play better calculated to "place" him critically than any of its predecessors. There is certainly nothing in it to furnish any occasion for those critical rhapsodies which, at the publication of "Paolo and Francesca," caused some momentary anxiety to admirers of Sophocles and Shakspere. On the other hand, while the general tone is still of an elegiac wistfulness, rather than of true dramatic unction, "The Sin of David" is, essentially, less of a melodramatic spectacle, more of a tragedy, than either "Herod" or "Ulysses." The chief impression made by it is that it is the product of a moderate poetic faculty guided by an industrious and self-poised intelligence. Nothing could be cleverer than the scheme of setting the old Hebrew story of David, Uriah, and Bathsheba over into the very Israelitish times of the Puritan Commonwealth. David is represented by Sir Hubert Lisle, a commander in the Parliamentary army; Uriah by Col. Mardyke of the same army; Bathsheba by Miriam, his wife, who, for the sake of the poetry, is given a touch of Southern blood and a pretty vein of romantic fantasy. There is no addition to the Scriptural story save in one respect; but structurally that one is important. It is in the first scene of the play, where we have Sir Hubert Lisle condemning to death Lieut. Joyce, one of his officers, for a wrong to a maid. The accused offers no defence save to say:

"Her face was close to me and dimmed the world."

With fine tragic irony, Sir Hubert afterwards urges again and again the same extenuation for his own act.

It is needless here to follow the course of so familiar a fable, or to present any specimens of Mr. Phillips's habitual Tennysonian imagery and cadence. There is, however, one point in the play as its ethical knot is untied that calls for comment on the score of its general significance. In the view of any Puritan moralist, Sir Hubert Lisle has, like David, been guilty of the two tragic sins of murder and adultery. Yet at the end, when, five years after their marriage, Sir Hubert and Miriam are punished by the death of their child, the dramatist is content with this vicarious expiation, and leads us to hope that his married lovers, chastened by grief, will continue to live happily together. Read in the closet, this conclusion is moving and purging to the passions, leaving us in that situation, "durch Mitleid wissend," that is so agreeable to our modern mood. Yet on the stage, coming as it does after the execution of Lieut. Joyce for a less subtle but no more mortal sin, we fear that the effect of this conclusion will be that of a rather cynical morality. It is, of course, open to Mr. Phillips or to anyone to contend that this morality is less cynical than that of the source in Samuel, where we are told that David, after the absolving death of his love-child, "comforted Bathsheba, his wife, . . . and she bare a son, and he called his name Solomon, and the Lord loved him." Yet neither Sophocles nor Shakspere, we think, to whom Mr. Phillips has been so often and so foolishly likened, would have let either the Psalmist or Sir Hubert Lisle off without the old tragic penalty—his death or the woman's. Even Haw-

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thorne, in his more complacent century, would have inflicted a spiritual penalty that would have left the reader no flattering unction. We are, however, not considering Mr. Phillips as a moralist, but as a playwright. The point is this: while the more beneficent moral order hypothecated by Mr. Phillips is doubtless quite in accord with the general trend of modern opinion, its softer expiation does tend to deprive the play of a due tragic intensity.

With a startling, but sincerely conceived, dedication to the memory of the founder of the Christian religion, followed by a motto from Lucretius consisting of the familiar passage beginning,

"Humana ante oculos fœde cum vita jaceret,"

Mr. George Cabot Lodge's "Cain" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) puts the case of the first free-thinker very strikingly. Mr. Lodge, unlike most writers who have handled Cain's story, has not attempted to humanize it by the introduction of secondary characters—Adah, Cain's child, and the like. His only dramatic persons are Adam, Eve, Cain, Abel, and the Voice of God. With the exception of the rejection of Cain's sacrifice, and the ensuing murder of Abel, there is practically no action in the piece. It is, in short, a "philosophic poem" on the thesis that the man who most unflinchingly thinks his own thoughts, who is most the captain of his soul, is the greatest friend to man. A philosophic drama is not likely, save in the hands of a master, to be of the first poetic attractiveness, and Mr. Lodge's volume furnishes no exception. His mastery of poetic structure is still imperfect; his drama would have gained materially in power by the more careful condensation of a wordy and, in part, adventitious first act. There is, nevertheless, poetry in his imagery, and passion in his speech; witness these lines of Cain's:

"God is not Lord
Of slaves nor tyrant pleased with abject fears,
Pæans and sacrifice: God sheds his grace
And shares his fellowship for men, not slaves!
Men who are sinewed with sublime resolve,
Whom perfect faith has made insatiable,
Whose eyes pursue, star over star, the last
Outpost of knowledge in the skies of thought!
Pilgrims of pathless lands, whom neither walls
Nor slumber nor the arms of love can hold;
Mariners who depart on shoreless seas
Avid of new horizons in the vast
Unknown!—O men, homeless and lonely men,
For you, for you the fellowship of God!

Mr. Lodge makes many good lines in this vein; but they are so rarely combined in concerted harmony that the whole effect of his versification, when it is not ejaculatory, is hard. Yet, when all due abatement has been made, "Cain" is a book of interesting promise. It is the kind of thing every poet needs to write once in his life, for the sake of giving his soul the loose; and there is here, moreover, in both substance and form, much to reward attention.

Mr. Lodge would have done well to ponder deeply that pregnant entry in one of Coleridge's note-books, "Item, that dramatic poetry must be poetry hid in thought and passion, not thought or passion disguised as poetry"; and a perusal of Mr. Maurice V. Samuels's "The Florentines" (Brentano's) and Dr. Richard Garnett's "William Shakespeare" (John Lane) shows that these authors might well have done the same. Mr. Samuels's play, which deals in verse with certain episodes in the life of Cellini, has well-individualized characters, and plot complications of considerable interest, but in true dramatic effect, as well as in poetic suggestion, is defective. While Dr. Garnett's play is equally open to the charge of being a subject dressed in poetry, rather than poetry incarnate in a fit subject, it is a remarkably readable and pleasant little book. It is really a whimsical excursion in Elizabethan scholarship and Shakesperean biography, in which ample learning is combined with a subtle humor and an excellent faculty for blank verse. The play deals wholly with Shakspere as "pedagogue and poacher." The picture of the young poet as the idol of the scholars in his rustic school; the husband of a vixen, finding solace in shooting Sir Thomas Lucy's deer, and in being the Platonic friend of Sir Thomas Lucy's wife, is at least suggestive. Yet to most scholarly readers the skilful speeches which Dr. Garnett has given to Shakspere, foreshadowing the direction of his future greatness, will be second in interest to the admirably fantastic euphuism of Sir Thomas Lucy. There is nothing in the book better than this speech, in which Sir Thomas inquires of Moles, a huntsman, "what bane his board of venison bereaves":

Know, rude forester,
There's something rotten in the state of Charlcote.
Sound stands the mansion still, 'tis true. . . .
But where the sylvan people? Where the troops
Of stag and doe and delicate fawn that erst
Did gambol in these groves? And, consequently,
Where be the haunch and pasty? Smoked these still
Upon the board 'twere somewhat, but the board
Is emptier than the forest avenue,
Where still a remnant lingers, which dislodged,
All should be dire depopulation.
Whence in the name of Zernebock, this nuisance!
Storms the Wild Huntsman with his swarthy pack
Along my woodland alleys? Do the hounds
That erst with horrid fangs Actæon tore
Seek in these shades a quadrupedal prey?
Say, doth the broom-bestriding sorceress,
Companioned with foul incubi, entwine
Her skinny arms round the reluctant deer,
And drag it to her Sabbath and her Satan?
Or twangs the bow and speeds the silver shaft
Of the Queen-Huntress? Hast thou e'er beheld
A covert-breaking stag impetuous
Burst from the brake, and scour adown the glade
Followed by a giant's shadow with a spear?
[*Moles* scratches his head.

Lady Lucy.
Truly, Sir Thomas, you have dazed the man,
Crushing with flowery opulence of phrase
His weak intelligence, as she of Naxos
Perished 'neath garlands heaped to honour her.

This is the very speech of those precious days.

The same Coleridgean touchstone discovers true dramatic gold in neither Mr. G. Constant Lounsbery's "Delilah" (Scott-Thaw Co.) nor Mr. Lewis A. Storr's "A Tragedy of Saul" (G. W. Dillingham). Both are intelligent essays in the field of Biblical drama, but Mr. Storr's play, despite a certain picturesqueness of both diction and situation, fails in dramatic art because of a late Elizabethan manner that sits not quite harmoniously upon the Scriptural subject, and leaves one in a constant irritation of adjustment. There is poetry in some speeches of Mr. Lounsbery's dramatic rehabilitation of "Delilah," but as a drama it is ineffective, partly, no doubt, because there is already one incomparable English tragedy upon the major theme, but partly, at least, because of a certain lack of solidity in dramatic structure.

In Mr. Aldrich's "Judith of Bethulia" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) we come again to true dramatic poetry. Mr. Aldrich's specific affair in this volume was one of playmaking. The poetic vitality for the piece was already given in the music and color with which Mr. Aldrich years ago invested the old tale of Judith and Holofernes in his admirable narrative poem of that name. Much of the old material and many of the lines have been taken over into the dramatization without change, and he has drawn somewhat upon his other work, including, for example, that memorable lyric beginning,

"O cease, sweet music, let us rest!
Too soon the hateful day is born."

But the present piece is something more than a making over of the old purple. It is, indeed, likely to prove Mr. Aldrich's more permanent rendering of the story. He has fulfilled it here with even more of that subtle Oriental atmosphere of which he early learned the spell, and he has set it forth in strong and musical dramatic verse. How satisfying to the imagination and the ear is the accent of lines like these:

"This woman's voice falls sweeter on my ear
Than the soft laughter of the Assyrian girls
In the bazaars, or when in the cool night,
After the sultry heat of the long day,
They sit beside the fountain with their lutes."

And this is but a fair specimen of the texture of the play.

Mr. Aldrich's mastery of poetic atmosphere is so easy, his metrical gift so constant, that he accomplishes a feat difficult for most writers of modern poetic drama, and weaves his melody and color around speeches of mere theatric necessity, and even around broken lines of swift dialogue. Nor is the play altogether "thought and passion disguised in the dress of poetry." Poetry is really "hid" in the passionate patriotic impulse of Judith, in the keen dramatic clash at the climax between Judith's purpose to save Bethulia by the death of Holofernes, and the sudden stir of temperament towards his pagan beauty that Mr. Aldrich with a nice instinct gives to her at the supreme tragic moment. Throughout the play there is a skill in dramatic preparation for cumulative effect that is very notable; this makes the more remarkable a certain slackening of dramatic grasp to be felt in the brief fourth act, wherewith the play concludes. The highest point of the play is the death of Holofernes at the end of the third act. It seems to us, speaking objectively, that the play would have ended most effectively here, with perhaps a few lines to hint that the saving of Bethulia will be accomplished by Judith's deed, so to bring us back to the dominant of life with the exaltation of the tragic mood still upon us. Instead of this, we have a rather theatrical fourth act. The rout of Holofernes's army after his death is described excellently, but we think unnecessarily for the purposes of the drama; and then we have Judith, with her high mission accomplished, renouncing the world and human affection, and going veiled to a life of solitude and silence. To the attentive reader who recalls here that sudden moment of passionate spiritual struggle over the sleeping form of King Holofernes, there is a fine poetic rightness in this conclusion, and it doubtless helps the play as a spectacle; but its purely dramatic effectiveness is not so clear.

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HENRY JAMES'S GOLDEN BOWL.

The Golden Bowl. By Henry James. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904.

The story contained in the two volumes entitled 'The Golden Bowl' is elaborately concealed. It is involved, swathed, smothered in many obscurities, obscurities inseparable from the author's method of presenting an inside and outside and all-round view; obscurities arising from excessive use of extended metaphor, from saying too much and saying too little, even from sentences too complex and too elliptical, too long and too short. To get the story you must pay the price, must attack and overcome the obscurities; and whether this be done in a spirit of happy satisfaction of delight in the obscurities for their own sake, or of irritation, or of mere plodding determination to stick and pull through, in the end you have your reward—a story, a situation, which, as you think about it, pierces the obscurities and strikes you in the eyes, like the low red autumn sun pushing out of a mass of black clouds.

It is a short story and bitter. No one except Mr. James could tell it in English without grossness or vulgarity, without challenging our prejudices and prepossessions, without making us all out to be, in his estimation, no better than the French—a state of things we should hate to have forced upon our notice. And he doesn't literally tell the story; he only examines witnesses, comments on testimony, infers and speculates prodigiously, leaving us free to make what we can of the case, to grasp or miss its facts and its wide significance, according to our capacity for independent mental operations. To rehearse the facts is perhaps the most useful part that a reviewer can play between Mr. James and the public. Such preliminary knowledge doesn't impair interest which really lies in beating the bush with the author, sharing breathless moments when it seems that the game is about to break for the open, and long periods of doubt whether it hasn't, after all, tucked itself up and gone to sleep in perfect security. The facts at the bottom of 'The Golden Bowl' glare when you have found them.

Mr. Verver, a person so rich that his nationality may be taken for granted, buys for his daughter Maggie a husband, a Roman Prince, with whom she has fallen in love because he is beautiful and charming and because the history of his ancestors' follies and crimes is recorded in many volumes neatly ranged on a shelf in the British Museum. The Prince assumes responsibilities in good faith. He means to use the Verver money as his own, to be an agreeable husband, and perhaps, according to his subdued lights, a faithful one. Just before the marriage, appears in London Miss Charlotte Stant, a dear friend of Maggie's, an old love of the Prince's, a lady of great beauty, courage, and resource. She has left her own vast and uninteresting continent and crossed the Atlantic ostensibly to buy a wedding present for Maggie. Her real purpose is more sinister. The Prince, bound to secrecy, is obliged to assist in the hunt for a present, and when an apparently suitable one, a golden bowl, is found, it appears that the offering is intended for him, not for Maggie. The Prince refuses the bowl, making a pretext of a crack and a superstition about cracks. He is, indeed, as adamantine as a Prince may be to a fair woman with a past between them.

Charlotte, baffled, disappears, only to descend two years later upon an ideally happy home consisting of Mr. Verver, the Prince, the Princess and the Principino. The Prince, not yet sated with the sensation of rolling in money, finds the moment opportune for retiring with his Princess to one of his Italian hill places, leaving Charlotte to console Mr. Verver at "Fawns," another of his splendid acquisitions. When Mr. Verver buys Charlotte for a wife, the fat is conspicuously in the fire. At the end of the first volume the Princess wakes from bliss to perceive that her stepmother is also her husband's mistress. The Golden Bowl is sharply cracked, and the spectacle of the second volume is the struggle of all concerned to prevent the crack becoming a fissure so wide and deep that neither love nor cunning may avail to preserve an illusion of soundness.

Essentially a hideous struggle, it is difficult to accept all of Mr. James's embroidery of it in representation. The Prince's behavior is perfectly in character. As soon as he knows his wife's suspicions, he is on the defence. He initiates nothing; he waits for tips. He emphatically means in the last resort to abandon nothing for Charlotte, to "stay bought." He has, by nature, handed down through generations as surely as his title and his manners, a familiarity with unspeakable situations, a facility for handling them with what his wife called high decency. The phrase sounds his deepest moral note. Experience of life's shady ways has fitted Charlotte to play pretty well up to her noble partner; and when, in an agony of conscious loss, she shifts the burden of wrong from herself to the Princess, she really earns the epithet "splendid" so lavishly bestowed on her. In the prolonged game of bluff, it is the unsophisticated Ververs who strike us as inhumanly deep. Why, if Mr. Verver could suspect, should he have let things go so far? How, if he had not suspected long and shrewdly, could he have solved the situation by carrying Charlotte off to America, meaning that she should stay there eternally—a proceeding equivalent to declaring: "I know all about this rotten business. I've been waiting to see what my daughter really wants. She wants to have her Prince at any price. She shall have him. Trust me now to keep Charlotte muzzled."

There is a Mrs. Assingham who flits about the Verver establishments, always in the thick of things, useful in explaining to the Prince the strange race with which he has allied himself; useful also to the reader as a fairly correct indicator of the true state of affairs. She is very positive that Maggie knows no evil, is of a delicate stuff born not to know evil. Such is the impression of Maggie distinctly made up to the moment of the crisis. It is almost incredible that, suddenly confronted with evil which might have made a hardened sinner scream with a sense of insult and disgust, she could meet it with stoical reticence, set herself to compromise, to minimize, to hush up things with the patience and wariness of a practised diplomatist. The assumed motive is her love for her father; and underneath that, of course, is the personal power of the charming Prince. But recognition of the mutual affection of father and daughter and of their horror of "hurting" each other does not suffice to make us believe either that Verver kept on smiling at the Prince through thick and thin, or that Maggie let Charlotte go off scot free with her head high. It is certain that Maggie meant to keep the Prince, but one is constantly sceptical of her ability to conduct the campaign for possession of his person with such consummate repression of natural instincts. Of course, Verver, at least, was supported through the ordeal by confidence in what his money could do. It had bought the Prince, it had bought Charlotte; why should it not keep the one where Maggie wanted him, beside her in England, and the other where Maggie wanted *her*, beside him, Verver, wandering vaguely in America, yet held in leash?

The appalling power for moral disintegration, if not corruption, implied in the possession of immense wealth could hardly be more impressively illustrated than it is in 'The Golden Bowl.' Lest any reader should miss the persistent undercurrent, we quote a passage near the end. The Ververs have come to take formal farewell of the Prince and Princess. Father and daughter are looking about the drawing-room at the beautiful things which their money had bought:

"Their eyes moved together from piece to piece, taking in the whole nobleness—quite as if for him to measure the wisdom of old ideas. The two noble persons seated in conversation at tea fell thus into the splendid effect and the general harmony; Mrs. Verver and the Prince fairly 'placed' themselves, however unwittingly, as high expressions of the kind of human furniture required æsthetically by such a scene. The fusion of their presence with the decorative elements, their contribution to the triumph of selection, was complete and admirable; though to a lingering view, a view more penetrating than the occasion really demanded, they also might have figured as a concrete attestation of the rare power of purchase. There was much, indeed, in the tone in which Adam Verner spoke again, and who shall say where his thought stopped? 'Le compte y est.' You've got some good things."

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

The Russo-Japanese War from the Outbreak of Hostilities to the Battle of Liaoyang. With illustrations, maps and plans. By Thomas Cowen. London: Edward Arnold; New York: Longmans. 1904.

A very few years ago an inquirer on the spot was told that the Japanese are excellent copyists, but that they have neither the analytical nor the constructive mind. In illustration he was referred to a display in Yokohama of modern machinery built from foreign models, among which was a Corliss engine with a facsimile brass nameplate of the Rhode Island firm. This had been regarded as essential to the integrity of the copy, although appearing not to carry a meaning to the artisan or the exhibitor. He was further told that the notebooks of commissioners returning from abroad were crammed with facts—were bales of legal decisions, for example, gathered indiscriminately from the courts of England, France and Germany, without appreciation of the underlying principles. Extra-territoriality was about to cease, and this material was for jurists whose authority would soon embrace the foreign resi-

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dent as well as the native subject. But with no foundation in the principles of jurisprudence there applied, it would appear that the judiciary might be quite at sea when a case should come up differing from those reported, so that a ready-made decision could not be found to fit it. There was an inference that among the public institutions galvanized into European aspect the army and navy would probably be excellent imitations of German troops and English fleets, but that in active service they might be expected to fail in initiative or upon sudden dilemma—this, notwithstanding their work in the war with China; for, forsooth, was not that enemy Chinese, and do not the various "Maru" lines still sail under white masters?

Plainly this view must be revised. The clear recognition by Japan of the approaching shadow and of the reality behind the shadow shows prescient statesmanship. The war now waging is not the desperate defiance of a pack at bay, a struggle against a higher power by a race of arrested development. It is the logical outcome of a well-matured scheme for national action when the inevitable should arrive. Victorious in 1894, Japan was compelled by intervening European Powers to restore Port Arthur to China, and the way for Russian acquisition was made easy by the troubles, possibly fostered from without, which soon involved the Pekin Government. Russia obtained special transportation facilities and "leased" the fortress. The railway V from the apex at Harbin embraced the Mantchurian littoral, that yielded a free outlet on the Pacific; and, granting fleets as antennæ, one may easily imagine these diverging lines to be arms, reaching out toward Japan after absorbing Korea. When prolonged negotiations were abruptly broken off by the brusque refusal of Russia to discuss her occupation of Mantchuria and her insistence on a modification of Japan's position as to Korea, friendly relations gave way to war, and the action of Japan replaced the promises of Russia. Within a half-week from the day De Rosen received his passports, all the Russian ships were localized, a good portion of them were disabled, many valuable prizes had been taken, the Japan Sea had become such in fact as well as in name, the Yellow Sea was Japanese yellow, and a landing had been effected in Korea. This disturbance in the *status quo* measures the difference between inertness and activity, between self-confidence with procrastination and preparation with execution.

With a Dewey-like appreciation of the value of initiative, the main Japanese fleet sailed on the day the diplomatic thread snapped, and rendezvoused at Elliott Islands two days later. That night the torpedo boats made two successive dashes into the outer harbor of Port Arthur, sixty-five miles away, and disabled three great ships, and the next morning the fleet crippled four more. In all, seven men-of-war, besides two cruisers at Chemulpo, were out of the fight at once. Of the presence of Russian officers at the festivities in the town on the night of surprise, much has been made as a sign of unreadiness. Russian ships are notoriously overmanned, and it is probable that they have a proportionate complement of officers. But, whether so or not, there are always on board ship (our own navy at this time being a possible exception) officers in excess of the immediate need of the vessel in peace, certainly while in port, and a certain number may properly be absent for the day. No blame should attach to the abstract fact of attendance at a ball; nor is it at all likely that there were left "on board each ship only two or three juniors" (p. 89), nor that, when the torpedo attack began, "in the absence of a captain, a lieutenant had to give orders in one breath to a dozen subordinates" (p. 84). The real error, as proved after the event, was not taking into account this startling Japanese dash, this most un-Asiatic promptness of onset. It was a trifling matter that supernumerary officers, or indeed a good proportion of every commissioned grade and of the ships' people as well, were off duty. The fatal error was that those afloat had no thought of an attack. Apparently the ships were not prepared for the action that it would have been safer to anticipate might be offered; no nets were down, no patrols were out, and heavy anchors deep in the mud were slowly to be hoisted before way could be made.

The Russian fleet had little excuse to be where it was. Admiral Starck should have been at sea, looking for Togo and driving the commercial marine of the enemy to cover. The fortress might safely be left to take care of itself, certainly for the time. In fact, the object of the port was to care for the fleet, not that of the fleet to protect the fort. Booms, searchlights, and observation mines should make the inner harbor safe from a raid, and between its plunging fire from the seaward hills and the straight-away cannonade from the water-batteries at their base, the stronghold should withstand any sea attack. At that juncture the Russian fleet had no business to be inshore. The delay itself was the offence; its cause was immaterial. It would have been just as fatal at that late day to be adjusting compasses, to be awaiting orders, or to be stowing away shot, as to be assisting at balls. Mr. Cowen has graphically reconstructed the sentiment and action of those daring and skilful operations whereby the Russian squadron was crippled into impotence, and he brings vividly before his reader the dauntless spirit which, in the presence of danger, aureoles the Japanese seaman quite as well as his brother-in-arms ashore. In the discussion of incidents Mr. Cowen attributes the loss of the *Hatsuse*, ten or twelve miles off Port Arthur, to mines deliberately set adrift, and truly suggests that there is no knowing where they may ultimately be arrested. Their life is of "months or years, and meanwhile these terrible explosive machines are a danger to all [sea-going] humanity" (p. 178).

The crossing of the Yalu, the first serious land encounter, is reckoned a decisive action, not from the numbers engaged, but from its lessons: (1) the Japanese, not the Russians, determined its nature; (2) the Russians were shown to be weak, presumably all along the line, and their knowledge of the country and their outpost work to be poor; (3) the Russians were demonstrated sluggish in mind and body and unstable of purpose, as compared with the alertness, vigor, and tenacity of their adversaries; (4) Russia realized that Japan could and would fight; and (5) the Japanese satisfied themselves that the white man could be driven. All that was a good deal to learn. Incidentally, Gen. Sassulitch was badly beaten and lost much military spoil.

Vigorous fighting is only one element of successful war. Organization will not replace courage, but it always leads towards, if not actually to, success; and, from the first, Japanese organization has been assigned a high place. Its working details are not yet known, but if Mr. Cowen's information is correct, there are several points of interest. On a transport there is assigned to each company in a regiment "a complete supply of everything required, and each company has to look after itself and its own goods," which proved an admirable arrangement that ran like clockwork (p. 283). This would appear to require a special system of moderate-sized containers for convenient and rapid handling, and perhaps a company retinue of camp-followers; for the ordinary soldier cannot simultaneously arrange a section of the company supplies and also bear a rifle in the ranks. There must be general depots, but observing correspondents have more than once noted that all the troops have abundant immediate material on their own transports. This means that independent and distinct storeships, liable to stray away or be lost, are not entrusted with regimental equipage, so that a regiment cannot be separated from its own reserve of clothing, subsistence, or ammunition. Another point is that, immediately upon landing, the various administrative sites are staked out and inscribed, and the bearers of labelled packages of medical, subsistence, ordnance, and the different varieties of other stores, go without inquiry or delay to the marked sites. Mr. Cowen's illustration is of the landing at Pitsuwo, to this effect: The hostile outpost having been brushed away by gunboat fire very early in the morning, the troops were signalled at 7:40 A. M., and waded half a mile, when they set to work establishing a pier of boats 1,000 feet long, with a 12-foot way, "and by noon some 2,500 men fully equipped for immediate action, and several hundred tons of cargo [all in appropriate divisions for handling and issue], were installed on the beach and the hill, with a half-finished wharf carrying on a busy traffic." His comment is: "When the Americans landed at Iloilo in 1899, they took four days to do less than this, and the enemy made damaging use of the time" (p. 285). Fortunately, he draws no comparison between Tampa and the embarkations in the ports of Dai Nippon. Our Quartermaster's Department does not appear to have a representative anywhere along their lines. Conditions may differ, but principles are to be studied, and if these "yellow hornets" have acquired a new principle, we should learn it.

Port Arthur is on the extremity of the Liaotung peninsula, down whose backbone runs the spinal cord of the railroad from Mukden. To cut that cord and paralyze the communications of the fortress was the invaders' first serious object. Immediately upon Kuroki's forcing the Yalu, Gen. Oku landed on the shore of Korea Bay, and advanced to the road, about twenty miles away. Upon this, after several days' desultory fighting, he planted himself, and then moved upon the fortified works of Kinchow (better, but somewhat tautologically, recognized as Nanshan Hill, for *shan* means

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mountain), which stretched from water to water, or four miles across. This was captured after an all-day's assault following a week of skirmishing, "and it established even more conclusively than the Yalu battle that the Japanese soldiers can claim full equality, not merely with some Europeans, but with the best Europe has to show" (p. 298). In front of the two fortified heights which they carried were elaborate barbed-wire entanglements, between these were buried mines, and the trenches had iron roofing with minute loopholes for rifles. On the crests were ten or twelve separate and supporting works, in which sixty guns were mounted.

"Little by little, the Japanese forced their way up the steep face. . . . A half-dozen men would volunteer to reach the barbed wire and cut it; two only would get there and those would be killed, but not before they had cut the wire. Another half-dozen would immediately offer for the next bit of work, and with the same result. Others pressed on to dig up a few feet of earth as cover; a man could not outlive more than a score of strokes with pick or shovel, and then he would fall; but his work lived and served its purpose; his comrades stepped over his body and were so much nearer the goal" (p. 297).

At Nanshan, again, there was a capture of much artillery—this time sixty-eight field guns and ten Maxims, although the Russians sought to minimize its importance because the pieces had chiefly been taken from the Chinese in 1900. It was true that some of these had been Chinese, but it was also true that they were of the latest and best types, many Krupps and Maxims of high degree. On this general subject Mr. Cowen appears to err in believing that the Japanese had the superior guns. The gunners were better, but the guns themselves were outclassed by the Russians', the failure of whose missiles to carry their full range was either from inferior ammunition or from unskilful gunnery, or from both. But, as the campaign went on, the islanders helped themselves pretty liberally to the continental supply, acquiring, for instance, fourteen excellent quick-firers three weeks later at Telissu.

The record ceases with the nine days' battle of Liaoyang, where Kuropatkin hoped to toll Oyama from the hills to the plains to meet his 200,000 men, and where Oyama proposed to close behind his foe, as tongs might beyond the flaming end of a brand, and cut the railway to the north. Neither was entirely successful, for the Russians, leaving behind enormous booty, escaped before the enveloping columns grasped the rails. The casualties aggregated 40,000; those of the Russians being somewhat the larger. But it was the end of the southern advance for the campaign, and both armies deadlocked before Mukden.

Reasonable limits forbid the discussion here of principles, nor is there space for many more details. Mr. Cowen's narrative presents numerous excellent illustrations, some from photographs within both lines, and some drawings of much spirit, evidently by a native artist. One gleans from these that knapsacks were worn on marches, and blanket rolls carried under fire; that an unusually large proportion of the Cossack horses are white—a color that draws fire and is especially ill-adapted for scouting service, and that the hooded stirrup is not used; that the Russians, like the English and probably European infantry generally, wear nothing between their trousers and their legs, unlike the more comfortable usage of United States troops; and from these and from the text we know that really heavy guns are being used on a larger scale than ever before in mobile warfare. One other condition must be noted. Notwithstanding the intense racial patriotism that prevails, the occasional black sheep, to use the conventional ovine slander, is willing to disclose the people's secrets. According to the author, about a dozen of these have been discovered, some at least converts to the Holy Orthodox Church (p. 206). It raises the question whether Christianity in any of its forms, dethroning the Mikado from the exalted spiritual position that he enjoys, may not ultimately weaken the fierce loyalty that so readily sacrifices family ties and life itself at his behest? May not the abandonment of the old faith disintegrate that plexus of emotions which now makes these warriors rivals of the fanatical dervishes of the Sudan? When the Roman converts were destroyed in the seventeenth century, because tampering with politics on their part was discovered or suspected, might there not have been prophetic fear for the stability of the throne? Will the Christian Japanese respond as recklessly, not merely to the call to arms, but to the self-abnegation that now goes with it?

Wellington, Soldier and Statesman, and the Revival of the Military Power of England. By William O'Connor Morris. G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1904.

This is the most recent volume of the "Heroes of the Nations" series, and the last work of the late Judge Morris, who died soon after reading the proofs of it. The title is well chosen, for the book is in no sense a biography of Wellington, but almost entirely a military history. The Peninsular War forms, as it were, the kernel, and to it more than one-half of the three hundred and ninety pages (part of the third and the whole of chapters four to eight) are devoted. This is natural, for Judge Morris held that war to be Wellington's great achievement, and that he was the principal author of the ultimate issue by which the allies reached Paris for the first time. But Wellington's early career is not neglected. The promise of his youth, when he was a company and regimental officer, is well indicated in the first chapter, and in the second the seven years spent in India are so treated as to show that, while he there proved himself to be a real general, his civil administration was even more deserving of praise. The ninth chapter deals with the campaign of 1815 in fifty pages, wherein it is concluded that the Duke's conduct of the actual battle of Waterloo, in which he showed himself master of the art of tactics and a consummate leader of men once engaged, was a legitimate set-off to errors in strategy and to his being outmanœuvred earlier in the campaign, although this last is in part attributed to Blücher, who certainly forced his hand, and but for whose impetuosity Wellington would probably have acted quite differently. The remainder of the book, on the Duke's political life, is not so detailed, and is really too brief to be interesting or of much value to one who has not already a considerable acquaintance with the subject, while to those who are so acquainted, it has nothing new to offer.

The great characteristics of the man are fully but not too partially recognized: his farseeing wisdom, well-balanced judgment, and moderation on the intellectual side; and, on the moral side, his sterling integrity and strong sense of duty, which made it "well for the world that it possessed such a man." On the other hand, his coldness, the fact that his officers and soldiers respected but did not love him, that in private life he stood aloof and was lonely, that in political life he was slow to recognize the manifold changes which the spirit of the age demanded (though he seldom resisted to the end measures that he foresaw were required), and that he was a typical representative of "the Protestant *noblesse* of Ireland, an exclusive oligarchy of race and creed"—all these points are well brought out. Only one trait of his character goes unremarked, but this was prominent: his love of the truth, from which nothing could make him swerve.

As for Wellington's place as a general, we have already indicated how Judge Morris ranks him: as a master of tactics, but by no means a master of strategy; not a military genius of the first rank, but capable of military conceptions of the very highest merit (as exemplified in his general plan for the defence of Portugal and in particular by the lines of Torres Vedras). No man seems to have understood so well the inherent defects of the French army and how it could be resisted and beaten in the field. On the whole, "he was superior to every other chief of the League of Europe in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic Wars; this, I am convinced, will be his place in history." Here is the Judge's final verdict, and eminently sane it is. But when he speaks with reprehension, as he does over and over again, of Wellington's over-cautiousness after a victory, he seems not to remember that the Duke had learned by experience how dangerous it was to allow a victorious British army to get out of hand, and not to realize how vast was the difference in results between a defeat of the only British force in the field and a defeat of some one of the armies of Napoleon. Herein Judge Morris fails to give Wellington credit for that sagacity which elsewhere he is quick to see.

As a writer, though often picturesque enough, Judge Morris had a habit which becomes very tiresome to the reader—the breaking up of a sentence into short clauses separated by semicolons. The usually overworked comma has but a small part to play in this book, and the result is often too much like a series of gaspings for breath. Whether the author selected the illustrations, we do not know. There are sixteen portraits of the principal personages, and sixteen maps and plans. The Judge had views about the extant portraits, and remarks that they are not very good. It is therefore surprising to find as the frontispiece that one which the Duke's intimate friend Ellesmere stigmatized as one of the worst. The map to illustrate the Peninsular War is insufficient in details, and on too small a scale to be of much service. But on the whole, those who like a résumé of a period will find in this book more than a good example of its kind.

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Verrocchio. By Maud Cruttwell. London: Duckworth & Co.; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

To write a book on Verrocchio argues at least a hopeful spirit. He is the great enigma of the Florentine renaissance. The wide orbit of his influence is the storm-centre of modern connoisseurship. From the time when Morelli excoriated Bode for seeing Verrocchio in everything, to the last skeptic who resolves the great *chef d'atelier* into a myth, the battle has variously moved. Mr. Berenson, whose fault is rarely lack of dogmatism, still keeps four interrogation points against the eight paintings he concedes to Leonardo's master; Herr von Beckerath, in the *Burlington Magazine* for December last, reproaches Mr. Berenson for distrust of a group of drawings of the school. Where men have so signally fallen out, it is meet, perhaps, that the eirenicon should come from a woman, and Maud Cruttwell brings persuasive credentials for her surely audacious task. Her recent volume on the Della Robbia was distinguished by conscientious exploration of the widely scattered material, uncommon insight into sculptural style, and above all by excellent good judgment.

These qualities have dictated the time of her approach to the more difficult problem. Indeed, a revised appreciation of Verrocchio could hardly be more timely than at present. Only a year or two ago Count Gamba and Dr. von Fabriczy discovered at Careggi the beautiful little terracotta that gives the clue to Verrocchio's origins, and about the same date were found the documents that accredited the Enthroned Madonna in the Pistoia cathedral as a late work of his hand. To these and other recent contributions of his *œuvre* our author adds the famous head of a horse which, traditionally a work of Donatello, passed from the Carafa family to the Naples Museum as an antique. Maud Cruttwell reclaims it for Verrocchio by the following plausible if not compelling argument: This splendid head was given by Lorenzo dei Medici to Diomede Carafa in 1471, eight years before Verrocchio undertook the Colleoni statue. It strikingly resembles the head of the horse at Venice; both are free and greatly improved copies of an antique formerly in the Medici collections and now in the Museo Archeologico at Florence. Donatello had previously copied this head in a more literal and less skilful way for the Gattamelata at Padua. Since the versions at Naples and Venice show precisely the same kind of revision, it is assumed that they are by the same hand. But the conclusion hardly seems to us axiomatic. The Naples sculpture has a severity of line that really takes it far from the more complicated modelling of Colleoni's steed. It is, indeed, more archaic in feeling than its Roman original. All this points to Donatello. Furthermore, the Anonimo Magliabecchiano who relates that the Naples head is a fragment of an equestrian statue which Donatello was to make of Alfonso of Aragon, may have been romancing, but then he may have set down a current and reliable tradition. Taken broadly, the argument concludes in a Scotch verdict, with the chance, it seems to us, a little in Donatello's favor.

Of the general treatment of Verrocchio's sculpture, little but good is to be said. But discussion of it would take us far afield. The real mystery to be solved is the mass of Verrocchiesque painting and drawing which presumably contains somewhere the authentic work of the master and, fascinating possibility, the beginnings of his pupil, Leonardo da Vinci. Here genuine material is as rare as spurious is common. The starting-point of all criticism of Verrocchio's painting must be his single picture traditionally authenticated, the "Baptism" of the Accademia. As for the dozen panels that Herr Bode cheerfully attributed to Verrocchio, they display at least half a dozen hands. Two of these pictures, the enigmatical "Annunciation" of the Uffizi and the Female Portrait of the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna, Maud Cruttwell claims for Verrocchio—making, with the "Baptism," three authentic works in all. The Madonna at Pistoia is put aside, because, as it stands, the work is mostly Lorenzo di Credi's. Unaccountably the "Madonna with the Pink" at Munich is left out of the reckoning, perhaps because of a lingering respect for Morelli's allegation of the inevitable anonymous Fleming. As a matter of fact, there is no reasonable doubt that this admirable little picture is Italian. Intimately connected by its general workmanship, and especially by its landscape background, with the "Baptism" of the Accademia and the "Annunciation" of the Uffizi, by its facial type and modelling with the Lichtenstein portrait, it must stand or fall with the entire group. We are reduced, then, to a very interesting balance of probabilities. If Verrocchio's part was large in the "Baptism," these four pictures are all his and wholly characteristic of him. If, on the other hand, only the design of the "Baptism" is by its accredited author, then we have practically no pictorial data for Verrocchio at all. All four pictures have significant points of resemblance with Leonardo's unfinished "Adoration of the Kings" in the Uffizi. Why are they not his?

Generally speaking, Maud Cruttwell's work is sober and well informed. The pictorial material is almost complete, and very well arranged. All relevant documents are printed in full—one or two for the first time—so that all the author's statements may be readily controlled. One may regret the vagueness of her general views, and a Ruskinian fling at the Dutch small masters in the first chapter, but lapses of taste and of judgment are alike rare. Few comprehensive works of recent years are as useful, and if the Verrocchio problem remains unsolved, at least here is such a convenient survey of all the material as should embolden some more original critic to seek its solution.

History of Andrew Jackson, Pioneer, Patriot, Soldier, Politician, President. By Augustus C. Buell. In two volumes. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Portraits.

Mr. Buell lived to read the proof-sheets of his 'History of Andrew Jackson,' and we are assured that the book is as he wished it to be. This is unfortunate for the literary reputation of an author whose sketch of John Paul Jones showed that he could make good use of historical material. His Jackson is not a history of the man, or of the times; it is not a balanced work in execution, for it gives too much space to the military career; it shows no investigation of manuscript sources, and little reading outside of Parton, whose worst offences Mr. Buell imitates while criticising them severely; it exhibits a singular incapacity to weigh testimony and to judge the contemporaries, whether friends or foes, of the great Tennesseean. Trivialities are introduced where evidence should be given, and an anecdote derived from a garrulous and patently unreliable source takes the place of a judicial statement of conditions and motives. A difficulty is lightly solved by reference to Jackson's veneration for the memory of his wife, and such a solution is given many times where it is as misleading as it is unnecessary. The style is the reporter's, and by liberal use of superlatives is kept at strident pitch. An erroneous impression of Jackson and of all who had dealings with him, from the humble express rider to a rival for the Presidency, is produced. Not a single character picture, not a description of battle or campaign, not a summary of a State paper can be selected as striking or correct. The hero is smothered in expletives and adjectives. The result must be classed with historical fiction, and not very good fiction at that.

The intention of the writer is evident almost from the first chapter—to erect a military hero in whom the barbaric instinct for fighting was uppermost; yet in whom is to be found "an unbroken constancy of ambitious plan and calculation in all his fancied eccentricity." Little study of Jackson's career is required to show that he was a man of action, more controlled by impulse than by reflection. It was the same in civil as in military life, and if his inferiors and supposed enemies suffered from his arbitrary judgments, his superiors were embarrassed by his disregard of form, and his friends were placed on the defensive by his lawless acts. The frontier spirit was strong in him, but it could hardly have shown itself to be based upon such reasonable control as Mr. Buell contends. It is absurd to speak of Jackson's training militia years before the Creek war as an act of "marvellous sagacity, rewarded in the end by transcendent success." The long and detailed account of the campaign against the Creeks only reminds the reader of the great superiority in numbers and equipment of Jackson's forces, and the unnecessary butcheries committed in the unequal contest. The campaign is presented as an almost unbroken series of victories, although in reality the results were meagre, and the position of Jackson and the Georgia forces at the close of operations was very unsatisfactory.

Even as a military hero, Jackson suffers at the hands of his biographer, mainly through the very loose statements, amounting too often to positive misstatements, of the incidents connected with his campaign. The misleading estimates of the numbers of Indians engaged in the Creek war may be passed over, though they differ widely from the official returns. We take the attack upon Fort Bowyer, as related in chapter xiii., as a fair example of Mr. Buell's methods. Jackson reached Mobile August 16—not September 16, an error which makes sad work of such phrases as "just about this time" or "the day before the arrival of Jackson." The sloop *Hermes* was a vessel of twenty-two, not thirty-two guns, and was set on fire by Percy, not by red-hot shot from the fort. Buell says Percy landed 280 "British soldiers" for the land

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attack; but Jackson described the attacking force as an "incongruous horde of Indians and negro assassins," and the British account gave 60 marines and 120 Indians. Buell says the garrison of the fort was composed of 136 "regular artillerymen," but Adams says it was 160 infantry. Buell asserts that from the prisoners taken Jackson learned that the expedition had been fitted out in Pensacola. Yet Jackson knew this in August, more than two weeks before the expedition sailed. Buell makes the British killed and wounded 240; but the two vessels gave 31 killed and 40 wounded, thus leaving 169 casualties to be supplied from the land force, which is inconceivable.

It would be a fruitless task to follow Mr. Buell in his many errors of statement, for no chapter is free from them. Nor would it be more profitable to show how unfortunate the attempt to emphasize Jackson's military character works when applied to his civil and private life. A reasonable degree of consistency would improve the attempt, but consistency was under the circumstances impossible. The transitions from the cursing, blustering soldier to the courtly and gentle friend are too rapid to be accepted, and leave an impression directly contrary to that which the author intended. For this his treatment of material is responsible. He goes out of his way to italicize the hastily written and unreasonable sentences in Jackson's letters. He interpolates his own remarks in the body of a letter, and by jejune comments produces an anti-climax where he wished to produce a thrill. A study of the first drafts of these letters, existing in the Library of Congress, would have saved Mr. Buell from much of his foolish comment, as well as prevented the use of material long since discarded by the historian. It is astonishing to find the Rhea letter accepted, although that letter never had any existence outside of Rhea's imagination.

The account given of the negotiations at Ghent would be comical but for the evident sincerity of the writer. Yet it is strange to find that the great superstructure of supposition he has raised rests upon a proclamation printed the night before the battle of New Orleans and burned the day after, no copy of it being known to exist! This evidence is supported by an alleged statement made by Mrs. Edward Livingston, which as evidence is not worthy of consideration. Mr. Buell attaches too much importance to Jackson's street harangue during the Burr trial, and claims too great intimacy between the General and Gallatin, for their correspondence does not bear out the claim. Jefferson becomes a milksop because he would not go to war, and Armstrong, who favored Jackson, is unfairly treated. John Quincy Adams is highly praised, but nothing is said of Jackson's treatment of this most able and unselfish defender. For Clay and Calhoun no term of contempt is too strong for Mr. Buell, apparently because they were not "fighters." The Oregon compromise becomes an ignominious surrender, and Jackson's last letter, not "dictated," but by his own hand, is distorted into a message of war. The contests with the Bank and with mullification are related in their superficial aspects, while the Calhoun incident is really not told at all, for the agency of Hamilton in supplying Jackson with the occasion of attack is not even mentioned. Even had these volumes been written half a century ago, they would have been open to severe criticism; in the light of the manuscript resources of to-day they fall far short of what is demanded.

High Living. Recipes from Southern Climes. Compiled by L. L. McLaren. San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co.

French Home Cooking. By Berthe Julienne Low. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Books and My Food. By Elisabeth Luther Cary and Annie M. Jones. New York: Rohde & Haskins.

Near San Francisco is established a philanthropic enterprise called the Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Association. Of necessity it is in perennial need of funds. As one means of making good the deficiency, it has issued in pamphlet form a limited compilation of recipes so captivating that every person looking for preparations of food distinctive, novel, original, and practical will become, first, a willing purchaser of the brochure, and, secondly, an enthusiastic admirer of the rare judgment and discrimination shown in the presentation. What makes the recipes so distinctive is that almost every one is individual, and that they are contributed by members of the large cosmopolitan population of San Francisco, who offer, in a form that has come to each through generations of inheritance, a representative dish of his or her particular nationality, including the Spanish, Mexican, Italian, French, Hawaiian, East Indian, and other schools of cookery. The selection is so admirable that it leaves little or nothing to be desired. The formulas are given in terms so clear that even the novice will be able to approximate in execution to the intention of their contributors, while the finished cook will see in them opportunities rarely presented to add piquant concoctions to the routine of conventional feeding.

No further than the fourth page we find a formula for "pimiento [red pepper] bisque" that shows how completely this compilation is removed from competition. This is more emphasized on the seventh page in a formula called "soft-shell crab as prepared in an Italian monastery." In this, six crabs are placed, while alive, in a bowl containing one pint of milk and three beaten eggs. They are allowed to remain in this bath until they have consumed and digested all of the liquid, when they are rolled in fine bread crumbs and fried in boiling lard. Wherein this recipe is deficient is that it does not state that, after the crabs have digested the liquid, their lungs are to be removed before cooking. By literal adherence to this formula, omitting the precaution suggested, the novice would be neglectful, whereas a trained cook would understand that this was a detail not to be ignored. In two or three instances, we detect that some exile to the Pacific Coast from Eastern parts is a contributor to the compilation. There is a reminiscence of New York in our old, shopworn friend, "Canapé Lorenzo." These lapses, however, are so rare that they are barely noticeable in the stirring, brilliant, and piquant aggregation which includes (taken haphazard) such combinations as "Spanish onion rarebit," "Scrambled eggs Durango," "Devilled chops," "Estofado de Cordero," "Chicken Portuguese," "Pimiento Timbales," "Peppers stuffed with corn," etc.

The preface to Mrs. Low's book will tempt the gastronomic wayfarer to continue his journey, and make frequent halts to study many of the recipes contained within the covers of the volume. The author's purpose is to bring French cooking into harmonious relations with American aliments. What is meant by this is illustrated in the case of sweetbreads. The time indicated by a French formula as necessary for the cooking of these is much longer than is required to cook our kinds, which are considerably smaller; therefore, Mrs. Low adapts the Gallic method of cooking them to the conditions affecting those sold in our markets. This is helpful. Again, in France, green peas are cooked in the steam of lettuce leaves without the addition of water. This is the correct way; but Mrs. Low shows how this is impossible with our peas, because they are picked too old and too large—in fact, are rarely sufficiently tender.

She makes one statement in her preface to which exception may be taken. She says that when she arrived in New York, twenty-four years ago, it was difficult to purchase even so common a thing as parsley or leeks. Had she been writing of Boston —*très bien;* but twenty-four years ago New York had long emerged from the swaddling-clothes of provincial vegetable supply, whether of roots or herbs. Then, again, on page 242 Mrs. Low gives a formula for frying sliced egg-plant, worded as follows: "Cut them in slices and fry them in butter" —nothing more. Slices of egg-plant require preparatory treatment, not indicated in Mrs. Low's recipe, before being dipped in yolk of egg and breadcrumbs and fried in a bath of boiling lard.

Mrs. Low does well to call attention to our elementary methods of presenting food. She alludes especially to the lack of discrimination which permits the serving of vegetables with a béchamel sauce on the same plate with meat and a brown gravy. Mrs. Low also deplores the freezing of fish and meats as destructive of quality. Cold storage, however, has come to remain. Only one who knows the excellence of our meats, fish, game, and poultry, before the advent of this preservative process, can appreciate their deterioration since. Mrs. Low's formulas are in the main so excellent that it would be invidious to discriminate. Her success is unequivocal and decisive. An index a trifle more detailed would make reference more quickly effective.

'Books and My Food' is a culinary compilation in a new form—the combination of a literary quotation and of a recipe for every day of the year. For example, for February 23, we have a recipe for ratafia, crowned by a quotation from George Eliot, while that for February 24 is for a preparation of sardines, preceded by a sentence taken from Thackeray. Apart from eccentricity of form, the book leaves nothing to be desired. Directions for applying the recipes are intelligently given, and judgment and taste in selection are conspicuous.

The Log of the Griffin. By Donald Maxwell. John Lane.

We have here the account of a very original voyage. The author is an artist, who

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conceived the idea of building a boat in the Toggenburg, twenty miles from the Lake of Zurich or other navigable water, of having it transported overland to the lake, and of sailing, or drifting, in it down the Limmat and the Rhine, his objective point being Teddington, on the Thames. In one way or another, alone or with a single companion, the strange voyage was accomplished, and its incidents are recorded in the "log" and make capital reading. An Epi-Log informs us of the ultimate fate of the odd craft, which went to the bottom for the third and last time, on August 20, 1903, off the Kentish coast, where fishing it up again was impossible.

The book is agreeably illustrated with drawings, mostly of landscape, by the author, some of them in colors. The figure drawings by another hand are not so good and do not add to the attractiveness of the volume. Among the places Mr. Maxwell saw is Rheinfelden, and it is interesting to compare his pictures of it with those by Turner and Ruskin in the fifth volume of 'Modern Painters.' Whether by accident or design (for he mentions neither Turner nor Ruskin), Mr. Maxwell has given one of his drawings the title chosen by Ruskin for Turner's sketch, "The Nets in the Rapids," while another is a general view from nearly the same point as Ruskin's drawing. The art is very different—an art that shows the intervention of Whistler; but the place seems remarkably little altered. Here are the fish-house and the nets, the bridge, and the towers beyond; apparently even the same roofs. The only notable change is an improvement—a growth of trees on what was the bare river bank. A third sketch shows, from a different point of view, the same tower that Ruskin gives in a drawing he calls "Peace," and there one sees, roughly indicated, the same stork's-nest still on its summit. One would not know what it is but for Ruskin's note. In Rheinfelden, at least, the ancient peace has not been greatly disturbed since Turner's day by the modern spirit of change and "progress," which Ruskin so bitterly hated.

Highways and Byways of the South. Written and illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Macmillan. 1904. Pp. xiv., 362.

In this freely and pertinently illustrated volume, one has an opportunity to form an exceptionally clear idea of the rural life of the South. Starting in near St. Augustine, the well-travelled author wanders through many of the Southern States with an eye to observe everything of interest and a heart in sympathy with the people. We think of Florida as a land of flowers, but, in doing so, fail to take into account the sterility of the soil, which needs fertilizing and irrigating in most places. Grass is almost an unknown feature of a Southern landscape. Instead, one sees dooryards universally of sand, with flower beds divided from the walks by bricks set up on edge, forming a saw-tooth frill to the beds. To a Northern eye it appears strange to see all houses, mansions as well as negro cabins, set well up on stilts. We do not know why this custom should have prevailed in neighborhoods not subject to inundation, but so it is. Most houses, also, are divided in the centre by a wide hall, which generally forms the living room of the family. In the humbler houses, however, this hall is open to the weather, and is really a passageway from one side to the other. Nearly all rooms except the kitchen or cook room are warmed by open fireplaces, which have the virtue of looking cheerful even if the heat which they furnish is small in amount. The walls of most rooms are ceiled instead of plastered, possibly because plastering was likely to crack when the house settled on its stilts. This ceiling turns dark with age, and gives the rooms a gloomy look which they might not otherwise have.

The farming all through the South, except in the cotton region, is carried on in a very primitive way, and because of this the results are usually disappointing. The work in the cotton fields is altogether engrossing, and most of all when it comes to the picking, which occupies the entire autumn. To see whole negro families out, each person with a large bag, which he is slowly filling with the snowy flakes of cotton, suspended from his neck, is most interesting to unaccustomed eyes. The negro, as a rule, works well at this, whether gathering his own crop or that of some stranger who has hired him; and the job is almost entirely in his hands.

The cabins standing by the dozen out in the fields are generally grouped about a little church, the rudest, roughest affair imaginable, sometimes with a straight piece of iron suspended from two posts to serve as a bell. But in the level ground, where the cotton flourishes best, this piece of iron, struck suddenly and sharply after nightfall, can be heard for miles. The negro of to-day enjoys his "meetings" as much as ever, and, no matter what his conduct may be, still derives great comfort from his belief.

Saturday afternoon sees every negro who can possibly get away from his cabin promenading in his best apparel the streets of the nearest town, and spending his money, if he is so fortunate as to have any, recklessly; and, if he does not have any, running up an account with equal recklessness at the "store." There is, however, an increasing number who have learned to save something, and are in a fair way to have homes for themselves. They need never starve, for work is everywhere waiting for them, and they are given the preference over white laborers, against whom there exists a deep prejudice all through the South. The kindly feeling which Mr. Johnson has for most simple rural folk he cherishes in full measure for the "mountain white"—in most cases a pitiable person indeed. The hills he cultivates are steep and stony, and the crops consequently poor, while if they were abundant there is no market for them. The efforts made by these poor people to get a little education are pathetic in the extreme. In describing the last day of a school term, the following touching picture is given: "The children trimmed the schoolroom with greenery, and made a little bower in one corner, and carpeted the floor in that corner with soft moss. On this forest carpet they stood when they said their speeches" (p. 144). The manufacture of illicit whiskey still proceeds, though the "stills" are so well hidden that they are rarely found unless betrayed by the mountaineers themselves. The hospitality of the people is remarkable, and they rarely suffer the stranger to go away hungry, no matter how little they may have themselves, unless he is suspected of being an officer in search of "stills." One likes to dwell upon the picture of these simple homes in which the spinning-wheel is often found in active use, and the main wants of the family are supplied by the labors of the individual members of the household.

John Bunyan. By W. Hale White, author of 'Mark Rutherford,' etc. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1904. Pp. 222.

It was years after the reviewer knew Oxford and Cambridge before, in passing from one to the other, he lingered some midday hours in Bedford and its Bunyania. He was not unmindful of carvings at the city fountain, nor of the roll of pastors in the Bunyan church porch, nor of personal relics, as his mug, chair, staff, and iron-bound prison gate contrasting with the bronze door of Pilgrim reliefs, nor of the isolated tower with the ancient bell, emblem of that tocsin which, when Bunyan pulled, broke out in a peal heard round the world. Wonder was borne in upon the wayfarer that, half-way between the twin eyes of England, her universities, a mechanical of a craft among the basest, and he imprisoned through a dozen of his best years, should write something epoch-making, even in more than one point superior to all masterpieces of Cambridge and Oxford. In the British Museum had been noted 'Pilgrim's Progress' in well-nigh a hundred languages (Dakota, 1875), and with more than a hundred editions in more than one language. So well-thumbed had that book been that no single copy of its *princeps* is now known—no, not in London or Providence, which had each long thought they had one.

The preface to Mr. White's volume is these words: "I am indebted to Dr. Brown's John Bunyan for my knowledge of many facts of Bunyan's life." Only this and nothing more (except some four footnote references) is a curt and cold thank-you-for-nothing from a snapper-up from Brown of much more than facts. Much, also, that is Brown-borrowed, through carelessness or wish to abridge or disguise is so "conveyed" that we miss the meaning or at least the significance. Half-truths thus become what Coleridge calls whole errors. A fourth part of this Bunyan book is occupied with 'Pilgrim's Progress,' which more and more eclipses lesser lights. There is also a fair account of 'Grace Abounding,' the 'Life and Death of Mr. Badman,' 'The Holy War,' etc., as well as of Bunyan's life and characteristics. This newest summary, dating from last October, will be more read than better books by Philip and Brown. It is not so heavy, either, for the purse, or for holding in the hand, or for reading "as one runneth."

'Pilgrim's Progress' was published in 1678, and Bunyan had been released from his second imprisonment six years before. But all his other works were known to have been sent to the press as soon as written. It was hence argued that Bunyan must have been jailed a third time, and not long before 1678, since 'Pilgrim's Progress' is known to have been born behind bars. Local tradition pointed the same way through credible witnesses. Yet this arch of evidence lacked a keystone till July, 1887, when the original warrant for the arrest of Bunyan, issued March 4, 1675 (new

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style), was discovered. This longed-for paper came to the hands of Dr. Brown in October, 1888, when his last edition of Bunyan was too far printed for him to show a copy of it except in a prefatory note, in which he welcomed the proof he had long desiderated. The value of this fragment—thirty-four lines picked from the wormholes of long-vanished days—has become palpable, and on April 23, 1904, it changed hands for £305. This transaction, which is the only new important fact we learn from Mr. White, adds a facsimile, apparently the first which has appeared in America, of the warrant itself, its photographic script. But the lustre even of this Kohinoor is somewhat obscured by the biographer's customary carelessness. Nearly half the written words he omits, in writing the warrant, and he modernizes the spelling of not a few he does not omit. His original spells both Bunnyan and Bunnion, but he does neither. Nor does he follow his facsimile in the orthography of clemency, town, Tinker, meeting, Liturgy, command, etc. That original, he says, "was dated March 4, 1675, O. S." (p. 43). But no facsimile letter is more unmistakable than the figures 1674, which was O. S. until March 22. Again, the warrant's pedigree or chain-of-title in Mr. W.'s showing lacks some links, and those presented are more rusty than in Brown, and above all in W. G. Thorpe, who bought the goodly pearl for a song because he alone among a crowd of bidders knew it was not a mock pearl. How he found this find of a lifetime Mr. Thorpe told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. 44, 190-200). In this article he inserted every word of the warrant. By reproducing that full text we hope to please not only Mr. White's readers, but not a few of our own, maugre the lack of punctuation:

To the Constables of Bedford and to every of them

Whereas informacõn and complaint is made unto us that (notwithstanding the Kings Majties late Act of most gracious gen'all and free pardon to all his Subjects for past misdemenors that by his said clemencie and indulgent grace and favor they might bee mooved and induced for the time to come more carefully to observe his Highenes laws and Statutes and to continue in theire loyall and due obedience to his Majtie) yett one John Bunnyon of yor said Towne Tynker hath divers times within one month last past in contempt of his Majties good Lawes preached or teached at a conventicle meeteing or assembly under color or petence of exercise of Religion in other manner than according to the Liturgie or practise of the Church of England These are therefore in his Majties name to comand you forthwith to apprehend and bring the Body of the said John Bunnion bee fore us or any of us or other his Majties Justice of peace within the said County to answer the premisses and further to doe and receave as to Lawe and Justice shall appertaine and hereof you are not to faile Given under our handes and seales this ffowerth day of March in the seaven and twentieth year of the Raigne of our most gracious soveraigne Lord King Charles the Second A° q^s D^{ni} juxta &c 1674. WILL SPENCER

and twelve other magistrates with their seals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alarcón's Novelas Cortas Escoridas. Edited by Alfred Remy. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Armstrong, Sir Walter. The Peel Collection. Dutton. $2.
Browning's (Mrs.) Poetical Works. Henry Frowde.
Campbell, Reginald J. Sermons Addressed to Individuals. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25 net.
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. III. The Wars of Religion. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Dill, Samuel. Roman Society from Nero to Marcus Aurelius. Macmillan Co. $4 net.
Early Western Travels. Edited by Reuben G. Thwaites. Vol. XI. Cleveland: A. H. Clark Co.
Fossler, Laurence. Practical German Conversation. Boston: Ginn & Co.
Gardenhire, Samuel M. The Silence of Mrs. Harrold. Harpers. $1.50.
Haeckel, Ernst. The Wonders of Life. Translated by Joseph McCabe. Harpers. $1.50 net.
Hall, A. D. The Soil. Dutton. $1.25.
Johnson, Owen. In the Name of Liberty. Century Co. $1.50.
Jones, Henry Arthur. The Manœuvres of Jane. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.
Low, Sidney. The Governance of England. Putnams.
Macquoid, Percy. A History of English Furniture. Vol. I. Part I. Putnams.
Maimonides, Moses. The Guide for the Perplexed. Translated by M. Friedländer. Dutton. $3 net.
Murray, J. A. H. New English Dictionary. (Pargeter-Pennached.) Henry Frowde.
New York State Library. Year Book of Legislation. Edited by Robert H. Whitten. Albany. $1.
Parker, Joseph. The Epistles to the Collossians and Thessalonians. A. C. Armstrong & Son. $1.25.
Reinach, Salomon. Cultes, Mythes et Religions. Part I. Paris: Ernest Leroux.
Riley, Theo. Myers. Biography of Eugene Augustus Hoffman. 2 vols. Privately printed.
Selected Statutes, Cases and Documents. Edited by C. Grant Robertson. Putnams. $3.
Sherman, Ellen Burns. Taper Lights. Springfield, Mass.: Gordon Flagg Co. $1.25.
Sloan, Annie L. The Carolinians. Neale Publishing Co. $1.50.
Tennyson's Poems. Henry Frowde.
Thoughts for the Occasion. Compiled by Franklin Noble. E. B. Treat & Co. $2.
Trench, Richard Chenevix. On the Study of Words. New ed. Dutton. 75 cents net.
Trevelyan, G. M. England under the Stuarts. Putnams. $3.
Voltaire's Zadig and Other Stories. Edited by Irving Babbitt. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.
Wagner, Charles. The Busy Life. J. S. Ogilvie Pub. Co. 60 cents.
Walpole, Horace. Letters. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. Vols. IX. to XII. Henry Frowde. 6s. net each.
Williamson, James M. The Life and Times of St. Boniface. Henry Frowde.
Wright, Philip Green. The Dial of the Heart. Boston: Richard G. Badger. $1.25.
Wundt, Wilhelm. Principles of Physiological Psychology. Translated by Edward B. Titchener. Vol. I. Macmillan Co. $3.
Xena. The Threefold Path to Peace. Grafton Press.

A new and enlarged edition from new plates

KINGSLEY'S **Comparative Zoölogy**

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